



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

395

OUTRAGEOUS!

CIGARS

AND THE MEN WHO SMOKE 'EM

SLAVESHIP

SCI-FI ODYSSEY

BOYS OF SAN FRANCISCO

NEW HIGGINS PORNO FILM

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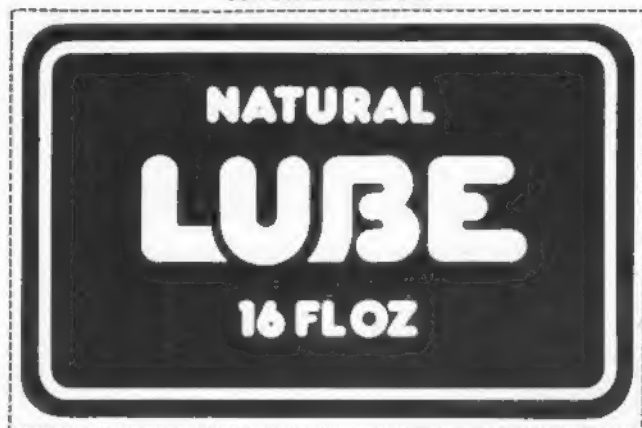
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ISSUE 52

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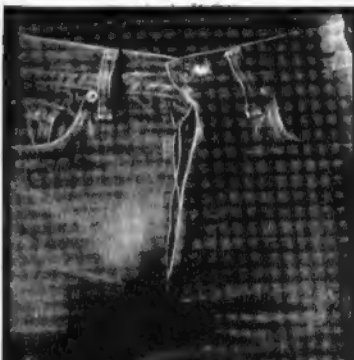
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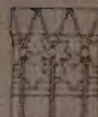
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PHOTO James Williams

DRUMMER

If a man does not wage peace with his loneliness, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.

Henry David Thoreau



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Cover Photo: Leather and cigar like sugar and spice; photo by Jim Moss.

This Page: One of the 'boys' of San Francisco, photo by William Higgins.

DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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GETTING OFF

This month's subject is movies that have little to do with *Drummer's* content and everything to do with its readers. We have no commercial axe to grind, since obviously *Drummer* doesn't seem to be the kind of publication either 20th Century Fox or MGM would consider for advertising their films. However, *Making Love* and *Victor/Victoria* are important efforts and films well worth seeking out.

For years we have been pushing for mainstream Hollywood films with these kind of positive themes. Now we indeed have a couple. We have boycotted, criticized, and constantly stressed the necessity of getting to this particular place in film history. We agreed with much of what Vito Russo said in *The Celluloid Closet* about the despicable and dishonest way the motion picture industry has portrayed gays from the beginning.

Along comes two major studios releasing big budget films that deal with homosexuals honestly and compassionately. Just what are the 20-plus million members of the national gay community going to do about it? We strongly suggest they get their collective asses down to the local theatre.

Fuck the reviews. So what if the leads in *Making Love* are too beautiful to be real. So what if the only guys Zack (Michael Ontkean) talks to in bars or cruise spots are themselves all super-studs. So what if the three leads either write best sellers, arise to direct medicine at Sloan-Kettering, or head a television network. Isn't that what Cary Grant, Katherine Hepburn and Clark Gable always did in every love story they were ever in? In *Making Love*, no one contemplates suicide, no one is an axe-murderer, no one ends up in a mental institution bearing the shame of the Love That Dares Not Speak Its Name. Even without frontal nudity, or sexual violence, or even one old fashioned whip, there are moments of passion between these two beautiful men that will blow apart the fragile mentalities of the heterosexuals in the audience. And it's about time. So what if co-stars Ontkean and Harry Hamlin have worn their heterosexuality on their sleeves in the barrage of publicity surrounding *Making Love*, what did you expect? The film, whatever its artistic merits, is a milestone.

Victor/Victoria with Julie Andrews, Robert Preston and James Garner is a Hollywood version of *La Cage Aux Folles* and is almost as much fun. It is an unexpected tour de farce in which Andrews is in top form and Preston, as an aging drag queen, is at his best.

Go to see both of them. The reaction of the public to these films will be barometers for the mainstream movie industry. And these films can be every bit as effective as the Moral Majority, but in exactly the opposite direction.

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

COWBOYS ARE HOT

Just for the record, *Drummer* No. 50 is a knock out! And that is due in great part to the K.O. art work of Matt. Now that is class!

Being a cowboy and a tight-muscled one to boot, masculine and with-it, it's good to see myself and my buddies represented in a real and masculine manner. Do appreciate it, and Matt knows the score, as he's sure done us justice and done himself proud. Being a cowboy who's also into leather, uniforms and jocks, it was good to have an entire issue of *Drummer* devoted to us. Suggest you do the same for the other hot macho men who read your publication.

M. Douglas
Los Angeles, CA

DRUMMER RITUALS

Recently, I completed a term paper on "Rituals" and in the course of this work, I had to research the sources for the rituals. Now, I have discovered that *DRUMMER* magazine is the source for the rituals demanded of me by my Master.

"Rituals" by definition mean a code of ceremonies, customs or usage. Master has designed his rituals from *DRUMMER* articles, stories, features and the like.

Friday is established as "D-Day" with "D" for discipline. Each Friday night, I must report to Master in his den and respectfully ask, "Sir, has my behavior this week been acceptable?" This is a determined question and the same each week. If my conduct has not been acceptable, my next ritual question must be, "Sir, should I get the strap from your bedroom?" That pattern must be followed in its sequence as demanded of me a slave each Friday night. If I deviate from the ritual, Master considers that behavior as disrespectful and in need of special punishment. Various patterns have been developed from *DRUMMER*.

Sir, even as a humble slave I would respectfully say that I am intelligent enough to follow Master's rituals accurately and seldom am I punished for any violations.

However, Master is very strict and I must honestly admit to being brazen and often stubborn in some of my daily behavior. For these and other misconduct, Master orders, "Shuck off your jeans; you are due for a good bare-ass strapping." This ritual means quickly getting Master's strap from his bedroom, stripping naked before him, handing him the leather belt and bending over as the perfect target for his

whipping. Another ritual during his strapping, with my tears and quivering, I must count aloud. "Sir, number one... Sir, number two, etc." Final part of Friday's rituals is that I must take the strap when he is finished and hold it across my red, bare ass while I stand in the corner facing the wall until excused maybe in an hour or two. During this meditation period, Master says, "Slave, think over some good reasons for being good next week." I answer quietly and respectfully, "Yes, Sir."

Sir, each part is a ritual; Master demands and commands, this slave follows the sequence.

Master understands a slave's misconduct but will not tolerate any disrespect. For example, my worst bare-ass strapping came to me for disrespect one Friday night before guests when I failed to follow the ritual in my not saying "Sir" with each number counted during the strapping. My bare-ass was whipped that night to the color of a broiled, red lobster. I made me a humble slave who understood rituals after that experience.

When Master commands, this slave obeys. I humbly respect Master with both his rituals and his reasons. Psychologically and physically, I respect his wide, leather strap. Sometimes, I am sassy, lazy and/or disobedient, but if and when I am, I know Master will correct me and discipline me for that misconduct. When guilty of bad behavior, Master's cowhide will strap my bare-ass; his tan leather will tan my ass most effectively. Master will demand the rituals in all its sequences.

Sir, I humbly say that I am not a whining or complaining slave. When I am a bad slave, I take my bare-ass strapping to make me a good slave. I highly respect Master because he is strict. I came to Master as undisciplined, he trained me with the strap; I learned from his strap. I have become a better person because of Master's discipline and punishments. For me, that leather strap means this slave must change his ways; he needs to reform and be a good and humble slave. I have never received a bare-ass whipping that I have not deserved for my disobedience, disrespect, laziness or the like. Every time I experience Master's strap as I bend my bare-ass before him for a whipping, I respect him more and also respect his leather strap more even if it makes me whimper, cry and quiver with pain.

Sir, an interesting fact is that my Master is just 20 years old and I am 32. He has granted me permission to write this letter; without his permission I

could expect and would receive a good bare-ass whipping that I would deserve. This gentleman disciplines me for just reasons, with a discipline that makes me a good slave.

J. Jay
Mountain View, CA

RED QUEEN STRIKES AGAIN

Violence and posturing in *Drummer*. Queer-bashing on Muni, War plans in the Pentagon and the Kremlin.

What can save the planet from its butch problem?

Arthur Evans aka The Red Queen
San Francisco, CA

We fail to see what any of those items have to do with the other. We are sure that anyone who identifies himself as "The Red Queen" is not adding to the planet's butch problems.

It is also nice to know that Mr. Evans has taken to writing us direct instead of to everyone else about us.

I DON'T MEAN BASEBALL

As a growing club for men interested in ballgames of all kinds, we would like to thank you for your great 50th issue.

The photographs and the artwork by Matt and Etienne were fantastic. We've encouraged all our members to buy the issue.

Keep up the good work. We'd like to see more in future issues. We look forward to seeing and reading more on big balls, ballgames, and ballplayers.

Mike
Boston, MA

CAME OUT WET

I have enjoyed reading *DRUMMER* over the past year and in my opinion *DRUMMER* is the hottest gay publication in America.

I especially enjoyed *DRUMMER* No. 48 with the article on water sports, *Though Golden Showers May Come Your Way*. This last May I came out to the water sports scene for the first time, fulfilling a fantasy I have had for a number of years. It was like opening Pandora's box. Suddenly I became the person I have always wanted to be. I got into scenes and did things never (to me) imaginable. My life since then has been more fulfilled and satisfying.

Through *DRUMMER* I have become involved with some truly hot men. Each issue I look forward to receiving *DRUMMER*. I'm not into everything included in your magazine, but I appreciate your ability to cover a wide spectrum of issues. Keep up the good work and continue the high quality of your magazine.

J.S.
Reno, NV

NOTE

Drummer welcomes letters covering any subject raised in the magazine. Names and addresses are withheld on request. Letters should be kept as brief as possible because of space limitations.

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CIGARS AND THE MEN WHO SMOKE 'EM

ROBERT PAYNE



"A WOMAN IS ONLY A WOMAN, BUT A GOOD CIGAR IS A SMOKE," stated Rudyard Kipling (emphasis ours) succinctly adding, "If Maggie does not wish to have a rival, then I do not wish to marry Maggie," referring to his good cigar.

Queen Victoria forbade that cigars be smoked in her presence or by her entourage. The Sultan Ahmed, however, was more adamant. He had the nose of any of his subjects cut off if they be found smoking a cigar. When Victoria's son, Edward VII assumed her throne, his first edict was, "Gentlemen, you may smoke." His personal cigar band is decorated with three white plumes.

On our side, Somerset Maugham, Herman Melville, George Sand, Oscar Wilde, Ernest Hemingway and Theodore Roosevelt were devotees of good cigars. On the other end of the spectrum are King Farouk, Don Juan, Casanova, Groucho Marx and John Wayne, all of who loved to suck on a good cigar. In the middle somewhere was Sigmund Freud, who was always with one.

Sir Walter Raleigh convinced Englishmen that they should roll up the leaves of the tobacco plant he was sending them from the new world, put them in their mouths and set fire to them. If one believes the chroniclers of the year 1618, he smoked a cigar on the executioner's block.

"The cigar smoker," wrote critic Marc Alyn, "Like the perfect lover . . . is a calm man, slow and sure of his wind."

"Any cigar smoker is a friend," wrote Alfred de Musset, "Because I know how he feels."

Cigars are masculine symbols, phallic shapes if ever there was one. Men identify them with pleasure, comfort, relaxation, stimulation and masculine company. Most women don't like them and certainly don't smoke them.

Nobody does cigars like Cuba. Their Havanas set the pace and were smuggled into high levels of American government even during the Cuban embargo on them. In the meantime Fidel Castro fucked up Cuban production for some time, killing the market for the product. Finally it became evident

even to him that the Castro cigars would not sell in any quantity and eventually the great established names and blends were re-established, to the relief of males everywhere.

American cigars, like American beer, are light, colorless, with little character. They are easy to smoke, are aromatized, washed and treated, homogenized, bland and popular.

I knelt before him, stripped and chained, my bare feet and knees feeling the thick plush carpet of his study floor. A steady fire burned in the large fireplace, the only other light coming from a small lamp on his desk across the room. He sat back in the massive leather chair, enjoying his long Panatela, blowing smoke into my upturned face and, as he put the heel of his boot on the back of my head to force it down to lick his other boot, he flicked the aromatic ashes on my scarred back. Perhaps later, if I did my job well, he would let me work my way up to where his fat Corona shaped cock stood out, proud and arrogant. I might even be allowed to give him pleasure by smoking that for him. Then he might even let me eat his discarded cigar after he had extinguished it on my bare and bruised butt.

I remember a quotation from somewhere that a wife was much like a pipe. A man would offer you a cigarette, even hand you his pack, all neat, white, lined up to be smoked and discarded in a row. He might even offer you a choice cigar if he liked you well enough. But his pipe or his wife was strictly for his personal use.

Personally I find pipe smokers irritating. They are always sucking away, pontificating, trying to keep the thing lit and looking so damned smug. That goes for their wives as well. Give me a cigar smoker. Cigars may not be passed around like a marijuana joint, but sharing a cigar with a real man, one smokes while the other sucks his cock and vice-versa, is the basis of a fine friendship and an unforgettable evening. Cigarette smokers remind me of shopgirls and I don't care to discuss them. Cigarettes hanging out of one's mouth look terrible on women and worse on men. Ex-

cept maybe for Humphrey Bogart and Edward R. Murrow, both of which died from smoking them.

So you say, "If a cigarette is bad for you, a cigar will kill you." Bullshit. The smoke of a cigar is not inhaled. This peculiarity of the cigar — unlike cigarettes — keeps the smoker from all sorts of inconveniences, not to speak of risks. The tobacco leaf used for cigars has much less nicotine than that found in cigarettes. The membranes of the mouth, in effect, do not absorb tar and nicotine from the cigar as the membranes of the lungs do from cigarettes. The cigar represents the cleanest of the tobacco "crutches." And dear God, they have some taste and character as opposed to Cartons and Winston Lights and True (for the longest time I thought the latter was a prepackaged pregnancy test). I would just as soon smoke a tampon. The smoke of a cigar is not noxious if you choose a quality cigar and do not smoke more than half of it, the first half being by far the best.

The guards stand around in their spit and polish uniforms, smoking the purloined Havanas taken from the rich man's humidor. His son, just home for the holidays from college, is tied spread-eagle to the crude heavy table in the wine cellar. The short, curly hair is dark with sweat and his face and exposed body are wet with sweat and the urine of his captors. The rich aroma of the "liberated" cigars floats with their blue smoke, filling the area, making the light from the naked overhead bulb look yellow-grey. The big man stoops over to look eyeball to eyeball with the beautiful young man, his lighted cigar inches away from the fellow's cheek. He commands the boy to open his mouth. When he doesn't, he closes the nostrils so the mouth has to open. When that happens he flicks his ash in, making his captive a human ashtray. He passes the glowing end over the chest hair and it sizzles, the odor of burning hair joins that of the fine tobacco. The half-naked athlete is spread so wide and his undershorts torn so that his asshole is exposed. The guard extinguishes the father's cigar in the son's asshole. There is a scream and finally the captive

promises to do anything to be set free. He will never again smell a cigar without thinking of that night.

The aroma of a fine cigar is heady, the ash is beautiful to contemplate—especially if it is found on a Havana, producing a gray ash which sometimes has a blue cast to it. The resulting ash merely represents pleasure that is past.

Whether you cut the firm end known as the head of your cigar by pinching with the fingers, using the teeth or with the aid of an instrument, doesn't really matter as long as it is done properly. The cut should not be too wide or too deep. The flame a man lights his cigar with should be small. You do not light a cigar with a fire, the flame should never actually touch the cigar. With the cigar in your mouth, rotate the flame around the opened end (tuck) until first there is a red rim and then an evenly burning coal. The first long puff will be better than any that follow. Lighting is an act that requires care excludes exhibitionism.

Contrary to the opinion of some it is only clumsy and awkward to let your cigar go out, not shameful. You can and should relight the cigar as soon as it has gone out if less than half of it has been smoked. A smoker of any taste will never attempt to relight a cigar when less than half is left.

Use a cigar holder? Would you want to drink a fine wine with a straw?

He had been trained to light his master's cigars, to choose and sniff and cut off the end properly. More importantly, to light them perfectly, being careful that he did not moisten the end his master would be using. Then he knelt and held his hand out like an ashtray, along with the half-filled brandy snifter in his other hand. He breathed in the smoke exhaled by his master, it being, like recycled piss, better after his master had used it. He was never allowed to smoke anything himself, not even cigarettes let alone a man's cigar.

This night he had requested permission to go to the bathroom to relieve himself prior to preparing the Rey del Mundo for his master's smoke. But permission had been denied. Eventually he would have to wet his pants as he knelt there, if those shredded, worn open pieces of jeans could still be called pants. But they were all he was allowed to wear, or even own.

Finally as he sat in his own puddle, for which he would be severely punished after his master finished his cigar and brandy. He snapped his fingers and the slave bent over and brought up his rear end, most of which was exposed through the tear in the denim. The master put out his cigar on the scarred flesh and shoved it into the slave's mouth. Tears of gratitude rolled down the sun-bronzed cheeks as the fellow lay on the floor awaiting his punishment for the traces of urine he had been unable to completely lick up. The acrid taste of the dead cigar filled him completely.

A fine cigar should be smoked slowly. Each person ought to discover his own rhythm or pace for pleasure. A five inch Corona smoked normally ought to last at least fifty to sixty minutes. It should produce around fifty puffs, that is about one a minute. A fool smokes fast and derives much less pleasure.

A cigar ought not to be held between the index and middle fingers as is a cigarette, but between the index finger and the thumb. Winston Churchill did not follow this advice, but the V made with the index and middle fingers became his mark.

Cigars are to be enjoyed while you are doing something else. Like getting a good blow job, for instance. Prior to burying the wet, burning, ready to boil shaft in your man's ass as a reward.

The gray/blue ash from a Havana should be treated like holy soil. Let it drop off naturally by its own weight. The ash will have reached a length of an inch or so although it does not stain fabrics or carpets, neither does it improve them. Let it drop on his back as he bends over to service you. Or if you are using the other end, let them fall on the same place as you service his backside.

The smell and taste of cigar tobacco on my master's fingers as he probed my mouth made my harnessed cock stand erect, for all the good it would do me. His fingers had just probed my asshole as well but the rich oil of the cigar far outweighed any other odor or taste. He pushed my head down to the floor and sat on my face. I immediately probed with my tongue as I had been trained. He ran the glowing coal of his cigar over my shaved belly and around my tender balls. I concentrated heavily on his asshole. After all that is what I am for. Whatever he chooses to do with me is none of my concern other than to see that that part of me is there immediately for him to enjoy.

He slapped my worthless prick hard and it flopped against my belly and stood up again. He ran the cigar up and down as I screamed soundlessly into his ass. He told me to raise my legs. When I did, he took my bare right foot into his hands and put the cigar out on its sole.

He got up abruptly and my extended tongue made a popping noise as he pulled his asshole away from it. I thanked him for making love to me with his lighted cigar and he dropped it into my open mouth. He joined it with his own monstrous cock and proceeded to empty his bladder into me. His urine tasted of fine tobacco and wine. Who needs to drink or smoke when their Master does it for them and then lets them enjoy those pleasures direct from that beautiful cigar between his thick legs.

A cigar is a companion and a rare one that will never let you down. You can call upon it at any time. But different cigars suit different circumstances or situations. A black Oscuro has very strong taste, little aroma, Maduro is

brown-black and strong for experienced smokers, a brown Maduro Colorado is medium strength and more aromatic, the reddish-brown Colorado is full-bodied and more aromatic, Colorado claro is light brown and lighter, the Claro is tobacco brown and easy to smoke. The green Double claro or Clarissimo is very mild and very popular in the United States.

There are the tobaccos, then there are the shapes like Corona which is rounded, Perfecto is half-pointed, Panatella, Lonsdale, Culebras and Demitasse. And sizes, of all lengths. And age. You can choose between a fresh cigar, one that has matured a bit, or an ancient. Usually, a good Havana will keep its quality for fifteen years. It will also mature and ferment, once a year it will exude some oil if properly humidified. There is a legend that when a violinist plucks certain strings of his Stradivarius, all the Stradivari in the area vibrated in their cases. In the period corresponding to the Cuban summer, Havanas everywhere in the world, under the right conditions, ferment together.

I have a friend who practices his fantasy, not often perhaps, but full when he is given the opportunity. He will present himself at the baths or the club or in the company of his fellow hedonists. He pulls out his cigar and those who know him realize what they are in for. He strips himself, his finely boned body as beautiful as the blue cigar smoke that soon begins to surround him. He lays back, naked and relaxed, his washboard belly ripples as he blows smoke down its surface. There are scarred tracings on his muscular thighs and a design that seems to be two letters on his sensitive lower belly. He puts the glowing cigar to the metal ring on his right tit and heats it up. A deep breath as the huge rib cage expands. He holds the pose and applies the cigar to the left tit-ring. He grimaces but does not move or remove the hot coal. His big cock begins to expand there is a ring through the underforeskin. He runs the glowing end down his washboard stomach slowly and passes it through the pubic hair, which sizzles a trail. The cock jumps to attention and stands ready to accept the hot coal to its metal ornament, like an oversized fire-cracker waiting to go off.

His audience warms up to the performance and a couple of men move closer. He is suffering a pleasurable pain as his prickhead reacts to the searing heat of the hot metal ring. He pulls the smoldering firestick slowly away, not from pain but the fear of setting off his big roman candle. He takes a deep draught and exhales. It is beautiful to watch. One of the men who has seen it all before steps up between his legs and puts a boot on the bare belly. Carefully our man with the cigar traces the outline of the boot, being careful, not of the flesh, but the leather of the boot. The man raises his foot and the imprinted outline is there. The man unleashes a considerable prick

and pisses on the burn. The reclining man looks up gratefully and savors his cigar. Piss anywhere but don't put that out.

He lifts up his legs and shows them his scarred ass. Tight, muscular as the rest of him, the hair is gone and the flesh is smooth except for the imprints of long-healed burns. He rubs the hot end across his hot end and pauses at his ponderous balls, hanging down as if to protect the opening below them. One man goes up to his face and puts his cock where the cigar had been. The man knows how to smoke a cock as well. They take the cigar away from him, enjoy its flavor and apply its heat to the soles of his feet, which are marked as is his ass.

He would thank them but his mouth is full. They pass the big, black Don Miguel around, flicking the ashes on the torso below them. The top man changes his front to his back and gets the cigar man's tongue up his ass. They have taken his cigar away and are using it along with his body.

One takes a deep puff and puts his mouth on the man's mouth. He blows the rich aromatic smoke in and it is minutes before the recipient is allowed to exhale. The heat from the tip is applied to one tit ring, then another, then the ring in the cock. The man moans and squirms but does not move except at nudging from a boot or a hand raised to demand his attention. They are now putting the ashes in his mouth along with their piss. One man takes off a belt and applies it across the burned ass. He licks their boots, licks up a dropped ash with his tongue from the floor. Finally the cigar has passed its zenith and is put out in his violated asshole. He erupts and there is a rich, fresh load of cum on the tile floor.

The finished cigar still protrudes from his ass and he licks up his cum.

Now they will use him and his desecrated ass and he will not be allowed another cigar until the next time.

The cigar butt dropped from his ass as he was led off to the showers to further enjoyment. Three of the bystanders jumped for it.

"What this country needs is a good five cent cigar." Like two dollar whores, 5c cigars are a thing of the past. Now a 50c cigar and a ten dollar hustler will probably bore you to death if you have any taste at all. Like slaves, "they don't make them like they used to." However, even a cigarillo or a Tijuana Small has more character than the top forty seven brands of filtered, low-tar, light, mentholated, pasteurized cigarettes. The Marlboro man (remember Marlboros when they had ruby or ivory tips before they went butch?) probably is on the verge of lung cancer and never really enjoyed sucking those long, slim, tasteless things anyway. A real man counts among his accouterments, besides a sheepskin lined levi jacket, hundred dollar boots and a Stetson, an honest to God cigar whose rich, pungent odor leaves a trail behind him long after his Chaps aftershave is forgotten. □





The title of this new film by William Higgins is a misnomer, these guys may be on the young side, but they sure as hell resemble 'men' more than they do 'boys.'

Higgins' earlier films, *Pacific Coast Highway* and *The Boys of Venice* were notable for their clean, crisp production values, lots of interesting and well-photographed sex scenes, and a cast, in both cases, of well built, well hung, goodlooking young men who took to their tasks like a mink takes to fucking.

Because *The Boys of San Francisco* takes place in the leather capitol of the world, there is, in this film, a good dose of South of Market sex and situations, mixed in with all the pedestrian action that happens in *The City* as well. And the leathersex scenes are worth looking at, and some of the rest of the films

THE BOYS OF SAN FRANCISCO



ain't shabby either. Like a real, turn-on scene where a guy gets two cocks up his ass at the same time, or two cocks down his throat at the same time. It's no case on taking on more than he can accommodate, 'cause he has the situation well in control.

There is also a real nice sling scene with all the elements of a good time: a sling, a young man, a lot of lubricant and a massive rubber dildo. Guess where it goes.

For viewers who just can't get enough of endless cock, one of the stars of this film is Steve York, the slender young man with twelve inches that has appeared in any number of gay porn magazines. This is, I believe, only his second film. Can he act? Who cares. He is real good at face-fucking, cock whipping, and ass-plowing; that's got to be talent enough.

A number of other well known faces (and genitals) from the porn circuit are in *The Boys of San Francisco*, Jeremy Scott, Steve West, Tim Nolty, Steven Richards and Ben Barker along with a number of interesting unknowns. The locations are well used for audiences elsewhere, the traditional S.F. landmarks are mixed with the local gay landmarks. In fact, this film might lead you to believe that all San Franciscans do is get laid, because *The Boys of San Francisco* is an almost non-stop sexual travelogue. Not bad propaganda, not bad at all.

Besides its national release, the film is also available in both video formats from Catalina Video.

Michael Elliot





J. WAYNE HIGGS



EROTICA

'82



As part of a two-man show in Washington DC at the Intuitive Gallery in 1979, J. Wayne Higgs and his massive collection of nude self-portraits made a mark in contemporary photograph history. While most male photographers, even those who use male nudes and male sexuality as themes in their work, almost never take self-portraits (there are few notable exceptions), that particular genre became Higgs' forte. His 1979 show included images that were both extremely erotic and symbolic. He was also included in a group show of male nudes at the Robert Samuel Gallery in New York, and opened his own gallery in the nation's capitol, one

devoted to erotic art. That, also, captured public attention. Situated almost next door to the White House, the Higgs Gallery and its artists appeared as news in the establishment Washington press, and as a feature in the erotic magazines of the country.

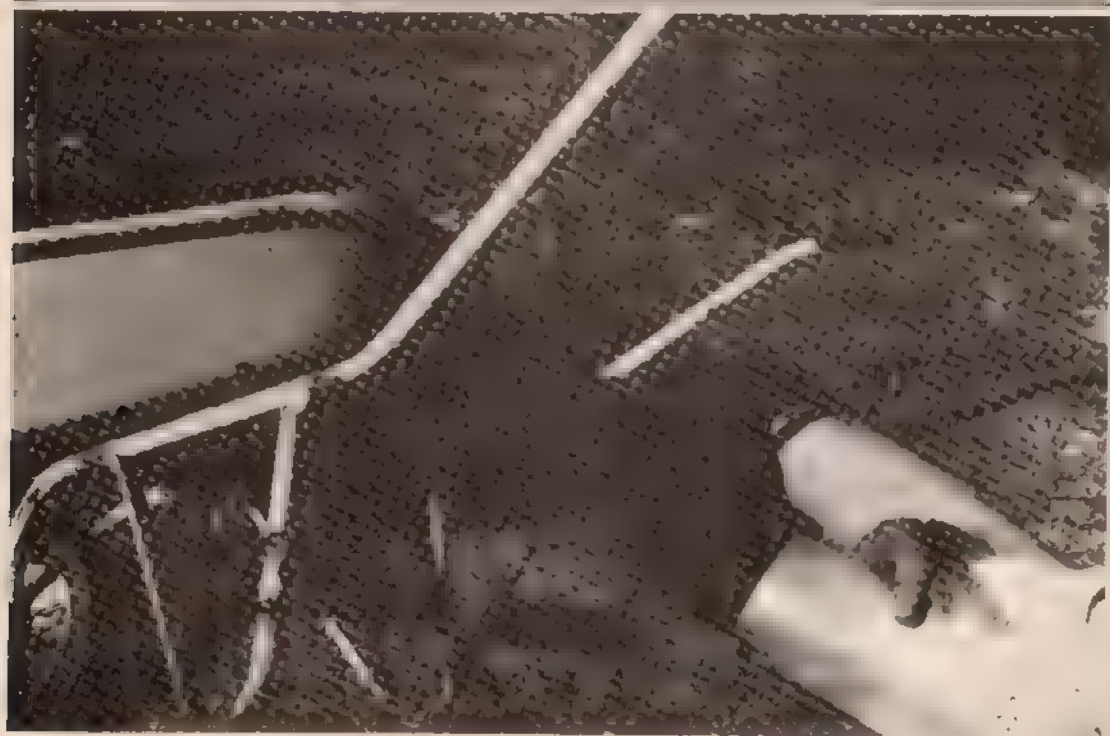
This portfolio represents work that covers a decade, and Higgs is the subject in all the prints; in two images he is one of the subjects. His photography is based on purist classical lines, the structure and form of the body becomes the composition of the photograph. These are not 'message' photographs; comparisons, like a cock to a gun, are obvious symbols. An overturned wheelbarrow

and an exposed man are physical structures that reiterate each other. The two duos are, in one instance, soft and flaccid; in the other, soft but erect. The sexual excitement, in visible terms, is focused on the genitals by virtue of the lack of other readable information. On the other hand, the eroticism in both images is unstated, only available to the viewer subjectively.

J. Wayne Higgs can be contacted at Box 50160, Washington, DC 20004. Besides his exhibited images, he takes on private assignments.

John W. Rowberry







THE SEARCH FOR MR LEATHER

There are only two criticisms of the Mr. International Leather Contest that we have heard to date. One would be "What the hell is it doing in Chicago?" which virtually answers itself.

Renslow and Associates put the contest together, promoted it and made it a truly international affair while New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles, any one of which should have come up with it, didn't. So you can list the leather bars in Chicago on the fingers of one hand. More power to them for working together to make the Windy City the hospitality center of the nation when the Leather People converge on it in May. Los Angeles may have originated the Men's Bike Clubs with their accouterments of leather and chrome, San Francisco has made Folsom Row into a national Leather institution and New York's bars and encounter clubs are beyond comparison, yet it is Chicago that is known for the Academy Awards of Leatherdom - and after only three fast improving years.

So what is the other question that gets raised about this exciting event? It is primarily Mr. International Leather himself. Each year the selection gets bigger and the choice gets harder. Mr. International Leather should, if not speak for, at least be some kind of symbol of the Leather Community: masculine, macho, articulate, even somewhat gregarious. He should be willing and able to be available occasionally at various functions with expenses furnished by the organization using his services.

It should be his contribution to the world of leather and if he is not willing



to make it, he should not be a contestant. Simple as that.

DRUMMER has already commented on the unavailability of the current Mr. International Leather to be photographed by anybody, so we won't ride that horse to death. But it was interesting to find that one of the San Francisco bars which had supported the contest and was represented at it tried to get the winner to an affair in his honor. They were refused because they had advertised they would fly the

winner to San Francisco for the affair. Reasoning that he already lived in S.F. and his passage going and coming had been paid by another South of Market bar (which didn't get acknowledged by that winner either) did little good. To our knowledge Mr. I.L.'s star rose and fell in a thirty-day period and little has been heard from him the rest of the year. Pity.

The prior winner went back to Australia without showing up at much of any of the affairs honoring him.



1979 Winner **DAVID KLOSS**
San Francisco



1980 Winner **PATRICK BROOKES**
Australia



1981 Winner **MARTY KIKER**
San Francisco

and without any further picture taking. He stayed for a year in exile until the contest's organizers paid to have him shipped back to Chicago for the presentation last year. (Do you know what it costs to fly anyone from Australia to anywhere?) He arrived a few minutes before the presentation, no one remembers what he said or if indeed he said anything, and disappeared into the night. Another pity. He *looked* good at least.

Now we come to the fourth contest and knowing the organizers, and judging from the improvement between the second and third efforts, this one promises to be a supershow. In our critique of the Big Event, we in no way are criticizing the efforts of the contest's organizers or the many people that contribute to its astounding success. There seems to be no effort or expense spared to make it well worth the time and money for the men who travel from all over to attend.

The prizes are generous — the motorcycle given as first prize is shipped at the contest's expense to wherever

the winner resides. The presentation itself is topflight, professional and hugely entertaining. It was moved last year from the somewhat stifling although first-class, hotel ballroom to more hospitable surroundings. The parties at Man's World and Touche's were hospitable and beautifully done even if DRUMMER's publishers did get thrown off the bus inadvertently. The contestants were knockouts, and judging must have been extremely difficult. Perhaps it is the judging DRUMMER found more success when it let the audience vote in its Mr DRUMMER contests.

There seems to be a reluctance to take seriously any professional model entering the contest. Like the Olympics, it seems preferable to be an amateur. Why? The overwhelming appearance and charm of say, Joe Paducca, who brought down the house last year would have gotten our vote. So he (and others) have posed for a couple of studios. That is hardly a livelihood. He can MC our "Jockstraps for Charity" anytime.

Don't get us wrong. We are not trying to tell the organizers their business and it is certainly not sour grapes because our contestants have not walked off with the title. Last year's MR. DRUMMER has gotten miles more coverage than all three Mr. International Leather winners put together. However our Ray Perea is a cooperative, generous and concerned Leatherman who has appeared on virtually every occasion he has been asked to, if at all practicable. The audience chose him and DRUMMER lucked out. We offer our experience for whatever it is worth to the Mr. International Leather Contest officials.

In the meantime here are photographs of the contestants, which are limited and some of the winners which are even moreso. Along with our best wishes to MR. INTERNATIONAL LEATHER IV, who we hope will represent us all, with flair and an outgoing attitude that we believe both the contest and the international leather crowd deserve.

Robert Payne
DRUMMER 21



Arnold Schwarzenegger - 1975 Mr. Olympia
 Bodybuilding competition

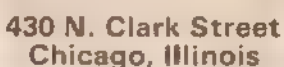


Arnold Schwarzenegger - 1975 Mr. Olympia
 Bodybuilding competition

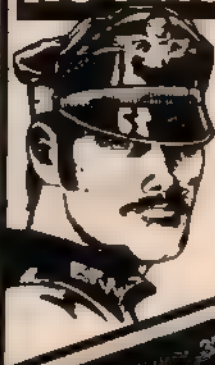


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INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER 1982

CAPTAIN MORGAN

BOOK
SECTION

CONCLUSION!



BY FRANK
O'ROURKE

The ray of morning sunlight, peeping through the curtain, awoke me. For a moment, I was disoriented, but my stiff muscles reminded me, quickly, where I was and the events of the night before.

Captain Morgan lay on his back, sleeping soundly. He must have kicked the covers off because his legs were widespread and the blond hair on his arms and legs accentuated his hard muscles. His arms were thrown over his head. His face, in repose, still possessed a sternness etched around the square jaw, but I thought I saw a vulnerability in the corners of his mouth—a softness—but the more I searched, the more I became unsure. Maybe, I thought, I just want to find it. My heart quickened its tempo as I transferred my gaze to his golden crotch. Jesus, I can't believe I couldn't believe that I had had that club up my ass. I recalled that when I first saw it in repose I had thought that it measured ten inches. Captain Morgan now had a piss hard and it looked as long and fat as my forearm. A pretty sizeable cock will reach its owner's navel, the Captain's didn't stop there.

"Like what you see, punk?"

I hadn't realized that he had awakened. I looked at him and found him grinning at me. This was the first time that he had exhibited any humanity as far as I was concerned and I couldn't help grinning back at him.

"Well, chow down, babe. Get down there and suck me off. I've got a nice load waiting for your hot mouth."

Although I had served the Captain the day before begrudgingly this morning my mouth was salivating and my own cock sprung hard at the mere thought of servicing his bludgeon. Many people talk of masters' cocks as lances or spears, this was not the case with my Master. The huge knob only accentuated the long, wide shaft beneath it. It was like a third arm with a clenched fist at its extremity.

I didn't need any urging. The Captain spread his muscular legs and I knelt between them. My tongue swirled over the bulbous head, searching the large slit for any nectar that reposed there. I grasped the base of the cock, unable to believe that all of this had been up my ass the night before. Suddenly, I had an urge to bark, figuring that would be the best sound to echo in this tower of blood-engorged flesh and gristle. The musky aroma of Captain Morgan's maleness assailed my nostrils and impelled me to do my best with this glorious challenge. I ran my tongue up, down and around the shaft.

"It's not a lollipop, asshole," he grunted as he settled his ass more comfortably into the mattress. "Get sucking!"

Opening my mouth as wide as I could, I began my sucking course up and down the incredible prong. I had less than half of it in my mouth when the huge knob bumped against the back of my throat. It was impossible for me to take all of that cock into my mouth and throat. I could tell by the Captain's response that he was getting hornier. I hoped he would get off quickly.

Unexpectedly, Captain Morgan took over the scene by grabbing the back of my head and forcing his cock into my throat. His first drive didn't get too far into the tight sheath of my throat, but the second plunge drove it brutally into the narrow channel. I started to gag, but sheer effort got the reflex under control. The column of hard flesh was so large that it was unable to fit comfortably into my esophagus. I heard Captain Morgan growl, "Loosen your muscles, punk, or I'll rip

your dick-sucking throat apart."

Tears formed in my eyes. A sharp searing pain cut through my throat. I was certain that he had torn tissue with his brutal onslaught. I put my hands on his hard thighs, trying to push away so I could get away from the intruder.

"Grab your wrists behind you, or I'll rip you apart."

Like an automaton, I gripped my right wrist with my left hand. I didn't need to worry about maintaining my balance because my head was caught in the vise of his two strong hands while my throat was prodded and stretched by the giant intruder. Incredibly, I found my nose buried in Captain Morgan's lush, wiry, blond pubic hair. It seemed that he had obtained his objective when he buried every inch of his long cock in my throat. Tentatively, I worked my sore muscles around his hard flesh. When I released it, I found it was prod heavily coated with mucous. Its return to my sheath was much easier and he began a slow and almost gentle stroke. This stroke. Only as my need became more urgent did the tempo pick up. The cock head swelled in my throat and erupted gallons of cream. It acted as a soothing balm. He pulled back into my mouth so I could savor the richness of his come.

His hands smoothed my hair in an almost loving caress. I began to pull off of his cock, but he wouldn't let me. His cock, even in a softening state, laid heavily in my mouth. I felt it retract a couple of times and the first spurt of piss began coursing into my mouth. Have you ever tasted tiger's piss? It's got to be the worst piss imaginable; but, like a good slave, I gulped it down, doing my best not to lose a drop. I had developed a technique to deal with the cock with the heavy piss and that was to let my mouth fill with a load and gulp all of it down at once. I found that I was having real trouble managing the furious torrent coursing from his hose. Then, again, without warning, the flow abated to merely a few hard squirts. I felt as if my own bladder would burst from my own need to piss. I slurped the remaining drops and looked up at the Captain with the face of a self-satisfied cat.

"What do you say?"

"Thank you, Sir," I grinned.

"Get your dead ass out of bed. Shave, clean out and shower. On the double. Don't play with your cock, or I'll bust your ass."

After I finished, I returned to the bedroom and found the Captain still lying on the bed, stark naked, smoking a cigarette.

"Did you clean out good?"

"Yes, Sir."

"O.K. Put on a shirt, levis and your boots and go over to the restaurant and get a couple of cups of black coffee."

I found a shirt and old pair of levis and put them on. As I started to put on a pair of socks, the Captain said he hadn't mentioned socks, so I donned the boots over bare feet.

As I left the room, I found the roadway in front of the cabin teeming with men. Most of the men were dressed in their leathers while the slaves were in various states of undress, some stark naked. The morning air had a slight nip in it, but I knew that it was going to be a warm day—hot, you might say!

A coffee urn had been placed outside of the dining room. I heard one of the lodge's managers tell a dark haired slave, wearing a wide slave collar, that breakfast would be served in twenty minutes. The slave walked over to a heavily bearded man in full leathers and with

bowed head, murmured something. After I got the coffee, I returned to the cabin.

Laying the cups on the stoop, I opened the door. I found Captain Morgan shaved and dressed in Marine greens, loitering in the only armchair in the room. I knelt at his feet and offered him the cup of hot coffee.

"Sit in front of me, I want to talk to you."

He seemed so serious. I felt sure that it dealt with more than today's and tomorrow's action.

"First," Captain Morgan began, slowly, as if he was carefully selecting his words, "your room assignment was not an accident. I have seen you a number of times at the Mineshaft in the City. I've observed you for some time. You are without a doubt the pushiest bottom I have ever seen. I've watched you play some good masters. You've acted so submissive, yet you steer them around by the nose. I never could understand why they let you get away with your shit." He paused. "I consider you a real challenge."

I felt my face grow hot, but I couldn't figure where all of this was leading.

"Let me tell you a bit about myself. I graduated from the Naval Academy and was commissioned in the Corps. I did a long stint in Nam. I'm resigning my commission in order to take over my father's businesses. My parents are dead." Captain Morgan paused again as if these last words still caused him pain. "I have a big home in Marin County which is, incidentally, pretty isolated and has a lot of land around it. I've always been a loner and always thought that I never needed anyone. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?"

I had caught the tenor of what he was saying, but I wasn't willing to outguess him. "No, Sir."

"O.K., jerk-off. I can see you want me to spell it out for you. It's one thing to get a dude with a slave's mentality, one who has already been shaped to another Master's needs. You're a challenge to me because you're a fighter. What I'm saying, I guess, is my entire life has been a series of tests. I have had to test myself against other achievers in the Corps and against a single minded, vicious enemy in Nam. I've succeeded in both. When I get back home, I will have some minor problems to come to grip with, but nothing like a man-to-man confrontation."

"What has this got to do with me?"

"Good question. I want you to go back to the West Coast with me, as my slave."

I looked at him. His eyes didn't waver from my searching gaze. I realized this stranger, yes, he was a stranger, had gotten into my body, but he hadn't touched my mind. I had to give it to him, he had a candor which had a tinge of the naive to it, but it was disarming.

"Look, Captain. I don't know if I should be flattered or not. If you're serious, then I have to assume you're some sort of gullible fool, or, again, you might just be gaming me. What the fuck do you know about me? What makes you think I need a fucking Master to control my life? I do pretty good for myself. I'm not rich, as you probably are, but I make enough money to live on. Why should I give up the comfort of my life for something that might not even work out?" I paused a moment to sort out my thoughts. Captain Morgan merely sipped his coffee, his face was expressionless. I continued, "I'm not a *nerd* who is willing to be used and abused for companionship. Sure, you turn me on, but a relationship can't be built on a bed—or a dungeon."

"Are you finished?" Captain Morgan asked, as he laid the empty cup on the floor by the side of the chair.

"Yes, Sir."

"I am surprised that as a writer you have so little insight." He raised his hand as I started to protest. "If I was just looking for a fuck, I can assure you that there is one on every corner in New York. No, I'm looking for someone to share with."

"What guarantee do I have that you won't throw me out on my ass in a strange town?"

"Baby, there are no guarantees in life. A life without chance loses its panache. Frankly, punk, it would be pretty boring."

"I struggle for every buck I have and I make ends meet, somehow. I haven't had everything handed to me. You've sucked the government's ass all these years, knowing that when you got fed up with it, you could return to the wealth and security of your family. Fuck this Master/slave crap." My stomach quailed because I sensed this figure in such controlled repose could rise like some vicious animal and wreak a terrible vengeance at my temerity. "You're looking for someone to take out all of your sadistic frustrations and you think I'm some sort of empty-headed, demented faggot who seeks the pain and acts as a receptacle for your cock and gets nothing in return. You're sick and out of your gourd."

"What do you want out of life? Do you know?"

"Sure, I want to be rich and famous. I will be some day. I want to be loved. I want to share with someone else. I want to fulfill myself and fulfill my lover."

Captain Morgan pushed himself out of his chair. He walked over to the dresser, opening the top drawer. A talking sound reached me. Turning to face me, I saw he held a small-linked chain with a small lock at one end. "I brought this for you. When you lock this around your own neck, you will have surrendered yourself totally to me, joining your tomorrows to mine."

I wanted to say, how fucking dramatic, but I was unable to form the words, because I realized what he was offering me. I was emotionally ambivalent, on the one hand I wanted to reject this man whom I had only known for less than a day, while on the other hand I wanted to reach out and set the chain around my neck.

With an almost final clank, Captain Morgan returned the slave collar to the drawer and shut it. "Let's go eat."

Although the past half hour had given me pause for thought, I was aware of my surroundings. Many of the studs we passed were in military uniforms, but I could see immediately that most of them were fake since the Captain in his pressed greens had that look of authenticity. Many of the slaves eyed me with what I guessed to be envy. At another time I would have relished it and mentally remarked, eat your hearts out, but I was too preoccupied with my own thoughts.

As we approached the dining room, I walked behind my Master. It was obvious that some of the masters had taken a page from the Captain's book because their slaves were naked and kept under the table while their masters ate. Again, Captain Morgan showed he was a leader, not a follower, and he rejected stereotypic behavior.

Indicating the seat across from him, the Captain reached for the menu. "I'll order for both of us."

Mentally, I shrugged. I could care less who orders. I knew with certainty that I was damn hungry.

A hunky waiter, wearing a slave collar and tight

leather shorts, approached the table with a pen and order pad. "Can I help you, Sir?" I had to admit that the guy was very handsome and he had a fabulous body. The Captain merely glanced at him as if he was just another piece of furniture and turned back to the menu.

"Steak, medium, eggs over well, no potatoes, and black coffee."

Nice, I thought, but my satisfaction was short-lived. "He'll have oatmeal, no milk, no sugar, and black coffee."

"Hey," I began to protest.

The look the Captain gave me almost withered me in my seat. His eyes told me to shut up, or matters could get worse.

Unable to restrain the cold anger which gripped me, I leaned forward and said in cold, angry tones, "Where the fuck do you get off eating steak and I get mush. I paid for full meals when I signed up for this trip."

Captain Morgan leaned back in his chair, his blue eyes bored into me. This only made me angrier. That does it, I thought, I'll pack it in and go back to New York.

He watched me, carefully. Almost inaudibly, he said "Don't do anything you'll be sorry for."

Now, that was the biggest mistake he could have made. I pushed my chair back and leaned over the table toward him, hissing slowly, but distinctly, "Fuck you, buster, and the horse you rode in on." As I left the dining room, I wondered if he would follow me. Did I want him to, I wondered. Glancing back, I saw him sitting at his ease and staring straight ahead, as if my departure was the most natural thing in the world.

I decided to go to the cabin, pack my things and

arrange for transportation back to the City. Fortunately, I had my credit cards and I felt expense was not to be considered.

When I got to the cabin, I remembered that the Captain had my key, so I had to go back to the lobby to get a key. It took a few minutes for one of the group leaders to confirm my identity since the Captain had put my wallet in the dresser. One of the resort employees let me in.

Closing the room door behind me, I got my suitcase out of the closet. I emptied the one drawer which held my things into the case. Opening the top dresser drawer, I retrieved my wallet and checked its contents, finding everything as I had left them. As I began to close the drawer, my eyes were caught by the glint of the slave collar and its small lock. I picked it up, weighing the cold links in my hand. I recognized it as a symbol, a commitment to a lifestyle. Sighing over the loss of things that might possibly have been, I returned the chain to the drawer and closed it.

My feet were sweating in my boots so I pulled them off. I walked barefoot into the bathroom to gather my toiletries. I checked around to make sure I had left nothing. As I walked back into the bedroom, my heart jumped in my chest and my stomach quailed as I saw the Captain standing inside the front door. His features gave me no clue to his feelings.

"Hi," I croaked with an effort at bravado.

"What are you doing?" Captain Morgan asked, his voice devoid of emotion.

"I'm going back to New York." Even to my ears my voice was barely audible. Jesus, I thought, I'm scared of this guy. I had to get a hold of myself, after all this was just a fun and games thing. Get a grip on yourself.

"It got too tough or you."

I took that as a challenge. "Hell, no. I can take anything anyone puts out, but I won't be treated like a piece of shit."

"You are a piece of shit."

I had gathered up my courage and managed to bark, "Fuck you, buster."

Those were the last words I heard for some time. The big bastard strode across the room and, pow, I got it right on the jaw.

I don't know how much time passed, but when I regained consciousness, I found myself naked on the bed, tied spreadeagle in the center. Looking to my right, I found Captain Morgan sitting in the easy chair reading a book. Something was different, but I was still too groggy to decide immediately what it was. Before the Captain had become aware that I was conscious, I felt a peculiarity in my groin. Raising my head, I saw that my crotch had been shaved, only then did I realize what else had happened and I let out a yelp.

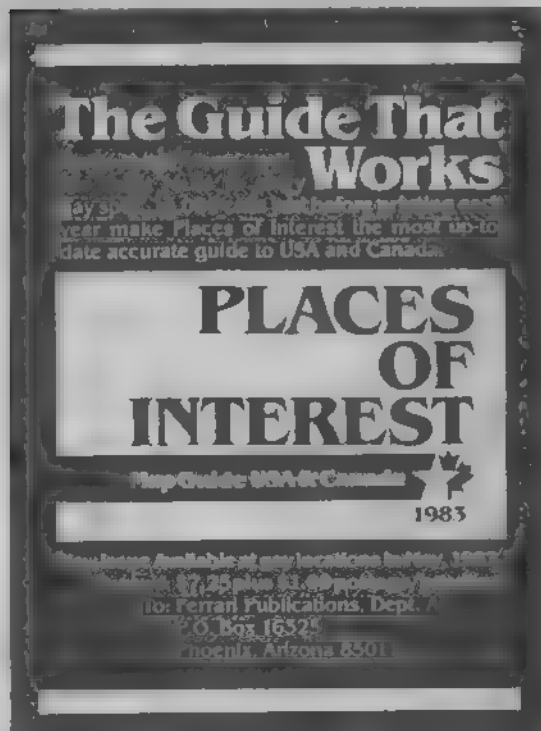
The Captain dropped his book down as I began to vent my anger, "You've gone too far, you, bastard. It isn't bad enough you've shaved all the hair off my crotch, but..." My anger was such that I couldn't find the words.

"Right, I've shaved your head too, not to mention that cute moustache of yours."

"My moustache," I groaned. I screamed like a gored pig.

Captain Morgan evidently expected my reaction because he had a gag ready. He shoved the large leather dildo into my mouth and tied the cords behind my head.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, he stared directly into my eyes, undaunted by my impotent glaring. Casually,



he stroked the inside of my thigh, twisted my balls which caused me discomfort but no real pain. He took my cock in his hand and tensed and stroked it. Even my damn body betrayed me and literally played into the hand of the Captain as it grew harder and harder.

"You aren't going anywhere, punk. The party is still on. You have a few things to learn and I'm going to teach you."

I glared at my tormentor, but he merely grinned at me. Tweaking my already hard nipples which caused my hard cock to jump in response.

He continued in a casual tone of voice, a voice which held no anger and almost sounded friendly, "What you did in the dining room was a blatant act of insubordination and you realize that you will have to be punished for it, don't you?"

I made no response. I could only think of my hair and my moustache and how I was going to explain it when I went to work on Monday morning. My boss was a homophobe and he already suspected me of being gay. He might use the shaved head as an excuse to fire me. I should never have come here in the first place. Why hadn't they assigned a cute bottom as my roommate rather than this maniac.

The Captain arose from the bed and began to strip naked. He hung his uniform up and placed it in the closet. I had seen him naked before and I had to admit that there had never been any man in my life who turned me on as he did. The perfection of his body was unbelievable—a piece of art, or should I say cheese-cake! How could I permit these thoughts to course through my brain when I knew I was in for something that was going to be unpleasant.

Standing by the bed, Captain Morgan pumped his cock a couple of times, almost casually, and he spoke, softly, "I am going to beat you because you need it. When I am finished, you will think twice before you disobey me again. I am going to administer a lot of pain. Some of it you'll trip on, but the greater part will seem unbearable to you. Frankly, I enjoy whipping ass, but my enjoyment is part and parcel of you enjoying it too. Now, it is pure punishment and it won't be as good for me as it will be later."

Under other circumstances I would have considered his speech as pedantic and affected, but I knew he meant every word of it. Without a doubt I was in for it.

First, he released my hands and then my feet. I knew better than to fight him as he turned me over on my stomach and refastened my extremities. Reaching under me, he pulled my hard cock down between my legs.

From his warbag, he brought out a heavy cat-of-nine tails. It was not the same one he had previously used. I strained my neck to get a better look.

Squatting by the bed, Captain Morgan spoke quietly, "This is the Death Bringer. You'll note the brown stains on the strands. It's real blood. I had the whip made for me in Nam and used it when I was in intelligence on some pretty tough, recalcitrant Viet Cong. I named it the Death-Bringer after the first Cong gave his worthless life up to it. The ends are lead tipped and it's capable of eating into a man's flesh and ripping out chunks of it."

I tried to pull loose of my bondage. I screamed, but the gag only allowed me to emit a muffled groan. This crazy bastard is going to kill me. Why did I have to end up with a raving maniac.

"I'm pretty adept at using it. I plan to administer ten

strokes, but those strokes will live with you for a long time. I promise that no lasting damage will occur."

I felt my cock crawling on the sheet as it shriveled from sheer terror. I was startled when I felt the Captain remove the gag. The leather dildo had absorbed most of my saliva. I wanted to scream for help, but I knew that it would be useless since I had heard a number of screams since we arrived the day before.

Captain Morgan trailed the weighted strands down my back and through the crack of my ass. I watched him shake the strands of leather out. He held the whip up and examined the tips carefully, seeming to arrange them.

Looking down at me, he said, "Take it like a man, not a wimp. Make me proud of you."

I saw the first blow descend and its impact almost brought me off of the bed. Fire coursed up my spine from my ass and exploded in my brain. I gasped and buried my face into the mattress under me. Quickly, the second blow fell before I had a chance to get accustomed to the first. I felt a moan coursing up my throat, but I squelched it before it broke through my lips. My ass felt as if the Captain had set a fire on it. The third and fourth smashed quickly on to my back. Tears squeezed through my tight eyelids. The fifth blow straddled my ass, right between the other two.

Captain Morgan took his position on the other side of the bed and opened his onslaught with two quick smashes on my back, criss-crossing the earlier stripes. I must have been sweating profusely because I felt my sweat coursing from my back on to my sides and into my armpits. I had no time to think about that when the eighth blow crashed on my ass. It was then that I heard a peculiar sound in the room and was startled to find

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out that it was me. I don't know when I started to whimper, but I was having trouble controlling it. The ninth blow chewed into my ass. Blow number ten came down with the greatest force I felt very close to blacking out. As I started to sink into the dark pit I heard a clatter. Later, I found out that Captain Morgan had tossed the Death-Bringer on to the bathroom floor.

My arms and legs were untied. "Lay still," Captain Morgan whispered as I started to move. I came back to full consciousness, my back and ass felt as if all the fires of Hades had taken refuge there. Captain Morgan chuckled as he reached under me and discovered that my cock was rock hard. He bathed my back and spread a soothing balm over my ass and back. At some other time I might have really been turned on by his gentle touch, but every caress caused my brain to scream as my body recoiled from his ministrations. The towel he had used to wipe my back after the washing was covered with blood and I knew that the sweat I had thought I had felt was, in reality, blood.

Captain Morgan urged me to get some sleep which wasn't hard since I was exhausted by the ordeal. In a few minutes I dropped off. A few times I awoke from a dreamless sleep and found the Captain sitting naked in the chair by the bed.

Later in the afternoon, I awoke. "I'm hungry," I groaned.

Picking up the house phone, Captain Morgan gave some terse orders which I did not understand.

He helped me from the bed. I felt stiff and sore, not sure that I could move. In the bathroom he eased me into the tub. Turning on the water, he ran a warm bath for me. The water crept up and over my body.

Sitting on the side of the tub, Captain Morgan asked, "You all right?" I could only nod. Inexplicably, I reached out and took his magnificent cock in my hand. He didn't snap at me for my brazenness. The soft cock felt like warm velvet. As I felt the warm water rising, it stung the wounds on my ass and back. Playing with his cock helped to distract me. That must have been the reason he was allowing me the liberty. His cock grew in my hand and I only hoped that I wasn't getting myself into trouble.

A knock sounded on the front door. Captain Morgan turned off the bath water and left the room with his prong hanging half hard in front of him. In a couple of minutes he returned with a bowl in his hand. I had been dreaming about a steak, or something as nourishing, but I hadn't expected this—a bowl of hot mush.

I knew better than to protest, so I quiescently allowed him to spoon feed me. He scooped the remnants of the goo from the bowl with his fingers and I licked them clean.

It was a dry mess and I asked, meekly, "Could I have something to drink, Sir?"

Laying the bowl on the floor, he stood and put one leg in the tub, straddling my face. He offered me his big cockhead. As soon as I took the heavy cockhead in my mouth, the piss began to flow. It certainly slaked my thirst. I found that I needed to pee too. Some of the Captain's piss dribbled out of the corners of my mouth and mixed with the bathwater. As he pulled his spent cock out of my mouth, I said, "I need to piss, Sir." "Let it rip," the Captain responded, so I let my own piss become part of the bathwater.

When I soaked for a while, I felt the stiffness leaving my body. I dried off and returned to the bedroom. Captain Morgan handed me a tattered shirt which was too large for me and a pair of levis which were very tight.

"Here, put these on. It's getting late. You've slept a long time. You're going to make me look good tonight, babe."

I looked at him apprehensively while I donned the shirt and pants, squeezing my cock and balls into the tight pants. I discovered that I could only button the top button while the shirt billowed out like a tent.

"There are going to be many demonstrations of electric torture, bondage, whipping, and even a branding. I'll take it easy with you tonight, but, remember, a slave is supposed to make his Master look good. I expect that from you. You'll look hot, baby."

When I had gotten out of the tub, I had caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. I almost hadn't recognized myself with my shaved head, moustache and crotch. I had a lot of hair on my arms and legs which was quite a contrast to the rest of my denuded body.

We walked to the small convention center on the grounds where the demonstrations were being held. Captain Morgan wore a body harness under his leather jacket and chaps. The mound of the codpiece of the harness was bulging and heavy. Groups of actors and actresses were waiting toward the brightly lit hall.

The action was in full swing when we arrived. A couple of whipping demonstrations were in process. I could see that the tops were experts and that the two good looking guys were grooving on being whipped. Another guy was bent over a table, servicing two cocks at the same time while other dudes were lined up behind the fuckers at his ass and head patiently waiting their turns. Another group watched a man in a sling

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being fisted while he was being faced fucked at the other end.

We stood watching for only a few minutes. I could see many of the men watching the Captain, probably wondering when he would put on his own show.

Finally, turning to me, the Captain asked, "Are you ready, babe?" I nodded because my mouth was dry with apprehension. "O.K. Strip naked."

As I shucked off the tight levis, a group formed around us. Embarrassed by the attention, I turned my back to the growing crowd as I removed my shirt. I heard gasps behind me and took no moment to realize that my back and ass had shocked and excited the crowd. Captain Morgan grinned at me and I felt a sense of pride over my "battle" wounds which I was sure he shared. He turned me so I faced the crowd. A bag was placed at my feet. He kissed me on the lips, shoving his tongue into my mouth. I sucked on it as if my life depended on it. The Captain pulled free. "You all right?" "Yes, Sir."

My cock stood out hard and proud. With the adeptness of experience, Captain Morgan screwed a cock ring tightly around my cock and balls, making my already hard cock feel harder. He tossed my balls in the palm of his hand, causing me just a bit of discomfort. He ran his hands over my body as if he was examining a prime heifer. From his bag he took a jar and spread a soothing cover over my ass and back. Taking a couple of strips of ace bandage, he wrapped my arms completely, finishing by covering my armpits. Other long strips were wrapped completely around each leg, ending at my groin.

Next, Captain Morgan took rolls of ace bandages, joined my feet together and began to wrap me like a mummy. After my feet were bound, he began his winding process up my joined legs. I found it difficult to maintain my stability, but the Captain was aware and he kept a close eye on me. When he reached my cock and balls, he didn't wrap them, but left them hanging out. Behind me I felt the Captain prodding at my asshole, demanding entry, so I loosened the muscles of my sphincter and felt a large dildo being inserted. Next, he took a tube of BenGay and rubbed the ointment into my balls which seemed like they were afire; he wrapped plastic around the balls and covered the orbs with plastic, using an elastic around the base of my balls to hold the wrapping in place. The fullness of my ass was forgotten as the raging fury assailed my balls. The bandages progressed higher, and, again, he left my tits uncovered. Finally, he mummified my neck and head with an opening for my nose and mouth.

I could not have moved if I had wanted to. The dildo was worked in and out, causing my hard cock to leap in response and my burning scrotum to retract. Finally, the dildo was shoved into the hilt. "Don't let it come out, or you'll be sorry." I gripped the shaft with my muscles, holding it in place. Next, I felt my right tit being gripped in a clamp which squeezed progressively until I thought I would not be able to stand it anymore. Then, he repeated it on my left tit. The pain became excruciating as Captain Morgan began to rub some abrasive, like sandpaper, over the nipples. The pain in my tits made me forget my balls. The clamp snapped free from one tit and, as the blood rushed back into it, the pain was incredible. He repeated it on the other tit. He began the unwinding. The colder air touched my scalp. When my eyes were freed and I could see the crowd of viewers and there was admiration in many eyes, My balls were freed of their cover-

ing and the air seemed to chill my hot nuts. After fucking the dildo in and out a few times, the Captain removed it.

After I was freed of the ace bandages, the Captain led me to the center of the room where I was directed to put on a pair of lace-up boots. I sat on the floor and discovered that the boots were an almost exact fit. Squatting by my side, Captain Morgan attached clamps to the bolts set in the soles of the boots. "It's almost over, babe, and you've done real well." My feet were still in the air. The Captain supported my body as I was lifted higher. When my shoulders and head cleared the floor, he released me. He pulled the tapes off of my hands and wrists, causing me to grit my teeth as hair was pulled free with the tape. Leather cuffs were buckled to the wrists and my arms were spread-eagle, as ropes were fitted into the D-rings and secured to bolts in the floor.

Slowly, the Captain began to pull the tape off of my arm. It was painful but the worse pain was when he ripped the hair out of my armpits. An inhaler was shoved into my nose and I inhaled deeply. Considering my head was shaved, I felt the effect of the amyl as the roots tingled and the erotic awareness coursed through my veins. The next moment, as if there was the armpit again. My hard cock bobbed above me. Another hit was shoved into my nose and I was beginning to groove on the pain. Strip after strip of tape and hair were ripped from my very hairy legs. I felt my balls churning for release. Just as the last strip was being loosened to be ripped off, Captain Morgan caught my eye and ordered, "Come, damn you, come." As the pain seared every nerve in my leg, I shot a long wad of come, some of which hit me in the face. Captain Morgan pumped my cock into his hand, wiped dribbles of come on his body and then licked the come from his hand and fingers clean.



"Good boy," he whispered. "You made me look real good."

As I was lowered, he caught me in his arms. Releasing my hands, he told me to get the boots off. Shakily, I stood and he held me close to him.

"Grab your shirt and pants and follow me."

I started to put them on, but he signalled that I was to carry them. My arms and legs had blood blisters, but they gave me no trouble. Captain Morgan received a number of congratulations on his slave. It made me feel proud that I had done so well and I basked in the praise given my Master.

"Go and take a shower. We're getting out of here."

I gaped at him. I hadn't expected this at all. What was wrong and what did he mean by "we" are going? I decided it was better to do, rather than question him.

When I returned to the bedroom, Captain Morgan was wearing a pair of designer jeans and a plaid shirt. He had found my best jeans and a fresh shirt. He had packed his own bags. "Get your gear together and get dressed."

I packed quickly, searching the drawers to make sure that nothing was left behind.

The car was parked outside. I loaded the bags in the trunk of the Mercedes. We were stopped at the main gate where guards were posted. One of the run managers approached the driver's side. "I'm sorry, Captain, but there's no in and out privileges during the run."

"We're leaving. We won't be back."

"Anything wrong, sir?"

"No. We have other things to do."

At a signal from the manager, the heavy chain was lowered and we drove through.

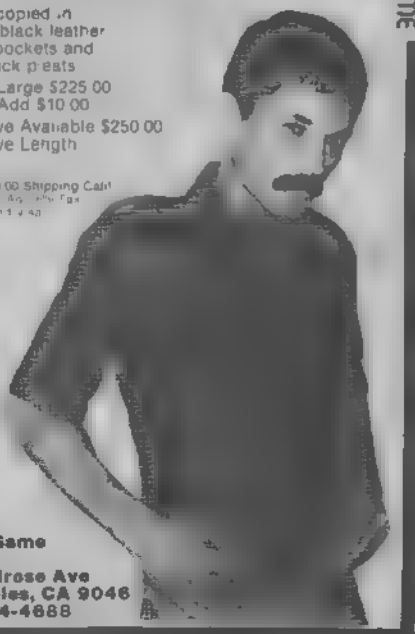
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"Can I ask where we're going, Sir?" I had to admit it was a sign of my growing confidence in the Captain that I had gotten into the car without an explanation, but, now, curiosity was getting the better of me.

"Sure, babe. The run was getting to be a drag and I wanted to get a chance for us learning more about each other. I've got a suite at The Plaza, so I thought we might see the City together tomorrow. Any objections?"

"No, Sir." This guy always ended up surprising me. I settled back into the leather upholstery.

"Unbuckle my belt, babe, and open my zipper."

I reached over and did as he told me. I opened his fly. I felt his crotch hair as the zipper opened fully. "Get my cock and balls out." His cock was already half hard and he had to lift his hips so I could free his equipment. "Chow down, babe."

There was some pre-cum in his slit which I cleaned out with my tongue. I made myself comfortable for what I hoped would be a long suck. My head hit the driving wheel, so the Captain adjusted the wheel and moved the seat further back. I slid on the floor and really went to work. His shirt got in my way so I opened it and pushed it aside. I started a long stroke down the shaft until the large head hit the back of my throat. I was determined not to let this deter me. I took a deep breath and forced the huge cockhead and shaft into my throat. I held it in my throat, using my muscles to massage it. After a few efforts, I was able to bury my nose into the crotch hair on each downward stroke, holding the cock as long as I could and coming up with hard suction while the edge of my teeth abraded the sensitive corona at the end of the stroke. I repeated the technique. Gradually, the Captain began to drive his hips up off of the seat to meet my downward, throat gripping course. I knew that he was about to come and I tried to slow down, but would have none of it. He grabbed the back of my head and fucked my face. It was only then that I realized that he had the speed control on. Suddenly, he erupted in my mouth and forced his cock down my throat, pumping load after load into my stomach.

When I finished, he told me to zip him up. Then he had me drive in, just as he started to jack off. "Don't come until I tell you to."

I had been so turned on by sucking his cock, that I struggled to get him to come. Please Sir. I begged as I felt my own load ready to burst. Putting his hand over my cock head, he commanded, "Come, baby," which I did immediately. His hand caught all of the come and I licked it off.

When we got to the hotel, we went right to the suite. As soon as we walked in the door, Captain Morgan told me to strip naked. "You stay naked while you're in the suite. Understand?"

"What about the hotel staff?"

"That's their problem. Now let's go to bed. I want to get into that hot ass of yours, babe."

Within minutes I was laying on my back on the bed. Captain Morgan came out of the bathroom with a gigantic hard on. When I asked him if he wanted me to turn off the light, he laughed, "Hell, no, I want to see my cock up that sweet ass of yours."

Captain Morgan rolled on top of me, grinding his heavy cock into my hairless groin. My hips and hard cock rose to meet his heavy thrusts. His fingers tweaked my tits and then he took one tit in his mouth. His tongue teased the tip as his mouth sucked the tit. His teeth nipped and bit while his tongue flicked over

it. Leaving my tit, he covered my mouth with his own. His tongue forced its way into mine and I sucked passionately on this probing flesh. Our breathing became more and more shallower. Our bellies became slick with the juices each of us oozed out of our cocks.

The Captain lifted up off of me. He took my legs and put them on his shoulders. He rubbed his juicy cockhead against my pucker. I had greased up earlier and felt sure that I could take this raging instrument up my ass. I knew it might hurt at first, but that wouldn't last.

In one fell swoop, Captain Morgan drove his iron all the way to the balls. I gasped at the pain, but it wasn't as bad as it could have been. I had been totally unprepared. The Captain let his thirteen fat inches rest in my ass. I felt it pulse a few times and then he began to withdraw. It felt as if I was being emptied of everything important to me. He pulled out to where only his cockhead was in my hole. I could see his eyes taking in his long shaft ready to plunge back into me. He drove full force back into my hot hole. Slowly, he began a fucking tempo which was punctuated with slaps on my ass, causing my muscles to grip the shaft which assailed them. A warmth permeated my entire being and I hooked my heels firmly on to his shoulders and raised my ass to meet the thrusts. Faster and harder came the drives. I rolled my hips to bring that large corona on his cockhead against my prostate. He slammed harder and faster. I felt his mighty cock growing in my hole. It was impossible flashed through my head. If it gets any bigger, he'll tear me apart. Captain Morgan's breathing became labored and short. My own need became greater and I wondered if I could hold off until he came. We both shot our loads at the same time in an incredible fury. Each of us pumped wad after wad. My chest and stomach were covered with my own come while my ass felt as if it was going to burst

with the huge load dumped in it. Some of the come from my ass seeped out of my hole and I felt it dribble to the base of my spine on to the bed.

Captain Morgan collapsed on top of me. His cock was still buried in my ass. Even soft, his big cock would have stayed lodged in me as long as he wanted it there.

Rolling off of me, Captain Morgan lay back on the bed. When his cock had pulled free of my ass, I swear I had heard a pop. I didn't need to be told what he would want now, so I lifted my aching ass off of the bed and began to clean his chest, stomach, cock, balls and asshole with the only instrument at hand—my tongue. I was careful how I cleaned his crotch because I didn't want to stir that monster again tonight. I just wanted to go to sleep. After drinking his hot piss, Captain Morgan turned over and went to sleep while I showered, took a piss and cleaned out. When I rejoined him in the bed, he sensed my presence. Taking me in his arms, I fell into a deep sleep.

We spent Sunday walking in Central Park after a hot morning's fuck. I was glad that we had left the run and returned to the City. It afforded me an opportunity to get to know the Captain better. I found that we had a lot of things in common. Like the Captain said, you can't build a lasting relationship in a bed—though it helps!

I called in sick Monday morning and spent the day with him. That evening he left for home. He had spent most of the day at my place and I guess a good fuck, fuck, fuck. I promised to come out to California to visit and I meant it.

The Captain just finished reading this. He isn't in total agreement with what I have said, but I guess I'm still a bit of a pushy bottom—even after eighteen months in California.

THE END

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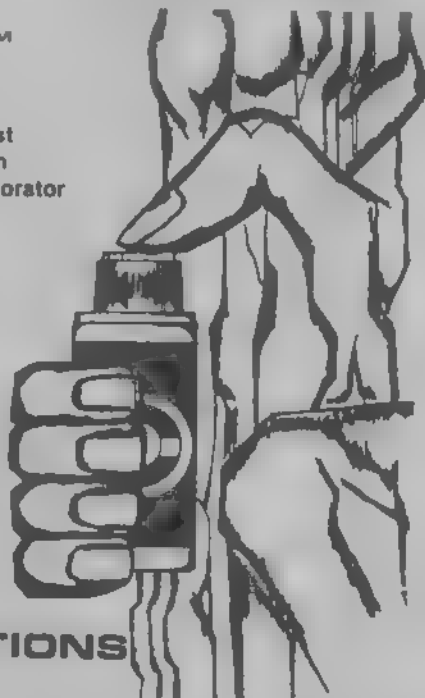
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SLAVESHIP



by jim hardfield

L. ARTOS

Earthspring. We still honor the tradition of seasons, even here. The great ship moved beyond the moons of Jupiter in its ceaseless prowling of the heavens. Guiding this cruising tidal has long since become routine; riding the gravitational pull of suns and lesser luminaries with plenty of time to contemplate the immense expanses of space. This cycle Lyres and I have scanner duty.

We are fortunate—in many ways. We trace our descent from one of the tribes that rose to prominence during the Conspiracy. This gives us some measure of renown, as those events took place 500 years ago. One learns early on about how the earth lords set up the groundwork for exploiting the heavens. They bred our ancestors to survive in space and plotted their initial course. They gave them all the tools necessary to exist externally in the void, and said, "go to it." Need I say more.

The earthlords thought they had taken thorough precautions to prevent this likelihood. They soon thought again. Once in space the takeover went ahead with mathematical precision. Our Declaration consisted of blasting their shuttle station and raiding all their carefully stored energy satellites. The harsh but necessary reality continued by our ships annihilating the earthforce sent out to restore authority. It meant perpetually ringing our father planet with a guardian satellite system. This dusted any ship attempting to leave earth's atmosphere. One small error, the system also blasted any and all ships entering the forcefield of earth. So in one stroke we severed ourselves from the corporate tyranny of Earth and denied ourselves forever the chance of a return to our home sphere.

Profound results followed, not the least of which was the way we viewed earth. It was both the bastion of tyranny and our beloved father. This final severance unhinged us to some extent. Events came fast and hard. The First Council had to consolidate power quickly in the vacuum left after the earthforce was destroyed. A few of their starships were captured, and the crews used for slaves. Others, mainly transport vessels or pleasure ships, sought refuge in whatever habitable planet they could find.

Despite the pick of choice worlds to colonize, the Shipmen opted for settling permanently in space. It was a matter of control. As in the ancient days of the earthkings, we made endless progress around the cosmos, gathering slaves at one port of call, produce and livestock at another, and oxygen and minerals at yet another. And like the earthlords before us, all the while we are sniffing about for signs of insurrection or subversion, flushing out occasional pirate nests, the usual.

The slaves admirably filled the gap between high technology and the mundane chores that support any new enterprise. As usually happens, what began as a temporary expedient evolved into a permanent measure. Soon nothing was thought of anyone tethering a studstable which their rank and pay could accommodate. A slave could earn freedom, but that took time. One way was through combat. Become a hero of the arena. What better diversion than blood sports. The charioteers and thrusters were the idols of us all. (Of course you could enter the games of your own free will. More than one hero or amazon has made a name for themselves by enlisting in the combat ranks for a season or two.) Or one could buy their freedom by being the most sought after bondstud. Many such had reached freedom and fortune through sheer sexual stamina, selling themselves for a sufficient price, sporting on a tattooed arm the record of campaigns staged in any number of private sessions.

We also opted for the old earth religion. Their pagan

abandonment served as a welcome counterpoint to the empirical discipline that manning the great ship requires. The women among us insisted on the worship of the goddess in the temple, while sports like Lyres and myself went all out for the Great God. When Lyres and I offer our ejaculation to his image in the temple, it binds us closer to Him, to the endless void which is His realm and to each other. It was a strange, invigorating, this combination of frontier mentality joined with pagan worship.

Off duty the time and method of diversion are your own. Lyres sometimes accuses the whole system as being decadent. That one must judge for oneself. Some shipmen constantly frequent the arena, others the great libraries. Sometimes Lyres and I enlist in the indoctrination and discipline sessions. These can be very interesting. This particular earthspring began in the usual manner, observing the alignment of the planets. Biologically we are still very much earthmen. That is, the sap still surges up in the spring. The Diet demands abstinence, says the Council. Shipmen are devout. We know the keenness of pent up seed. Like all mates, Lyres and I sleep apart that month. Once the solemn ceremonies were over, the Council formally lifts the rule of abstinence, and madness rules.

We spent a wild night of ramming and popping in free fall. The cockpit is a large, circular space with soft light, warmth and padded walls. Thank Diet for that. Every heavy jetload shot us weightless through the air, our ejaculations propelling us across the room and had us literally bouncing off the walls. Catching each other, we reconnected mouth to mouth, shaft to butt, or any which way we happened to grab on first. Yin-Yang is the trickiest, but I managed it once or twice with Perseus. Before the drugs carried us too far afield, we constructed a free-fall slave chain, spinning recklessly throughout the huge dark chamber. At one point I remember having my fists locked into two warm caverns of sensation and my own butt played with. It had to be Lyres. He works me up and over the edge of sanity with just the right combination of challenge and gentleness.

My prok was at a degree of hot hardness that was blissfully painful. It's not many men who can honestly say he has abstained for a whole month. The weight and tension on my stones made the slightest touch of a hot tongue on my sheath enough to send me over the edge. I felt the eruption build and found it impossible to hold back. The seed began to spill out in small spurts, which increased, sending out long pale ropes of sperm throughout the chamber. My arms were locked behind me by Lyres. We kissed as my sperm jet shot us both the entire length of the chamber leaving a jet trail of my manseed in our wake. On the rebound, I floated in a state of warm, satisfied bliss, while Lyres sucked up my sperm which clustered around us in the air. Silent, blissful satisfaction!

Lyres and I arose about 11 shipstime and cleaned up, replacing the smells of the cockpit with soap and lightly applied body oil. Then we joined the holiday throng on the Grand Concourse.

Whoever designed the Concourse really knew their business. It runs 2000 feet topside the spine of the great ship. Several wide, flat topped towers stand at each end of this majestic promenade. The Concourse is comprised of wide open spaces on several different levels. It blends large rock projections with fountains and tress. Circular platforms for observation can be reached from the curving stairways. Above at a lofty height, runs the seamless transparent vault, allowing in the light of whatever suns happen to be nearby. This vault extends another 2000 feet to cover the Arena, adjacent to the Concourse and with only the towers separating the two spaces. From anywhere in the Concourse you can hear the sounds of combatant and spectator clearly.

The Grand Concourse serves as our forum. It provides the focus for our existence during the wandering; it's the stage that gives our lives purpose. The Council has erected two striking statues: the Goddess as form and tradition demand, but give true worship to The Diety in a thousand small ways, as in last night's combat. In Him is manifest the sustaining power of the male seed and supreme self worth.

Recently the Council has also erected another more particular structure. In a semi circle are a series of high rectangular frames, hung with chains and hooks. We like to think this is a silent warning to certain roamers that regularly ripple across the cosmos, but no one knows for sure. Thus far the device has not been used, but one does wonder. Not that we are much concerned—our days are filled with activity. Life in the great ship stimulates competition. This in turn gives rise to the flaunting of self and the rites by which we pass our time. As we were doing on this particular morning

Lyres and I sauntered along with an occasional touch of hands. We shared a deep vital need for each other and felt the bond would last through whatever. So fine, strong and sure, we threw greetings to friends, strongly aware of the impression we made. Both of us are hard, muscular. Myself smooth, save for a short black beard. Lyres, stalwart and goldheaded, moustached and sporting a thick thatch of black hair on his proud chest. Hairy forearms and calves. Lots of power and strut radiate from us both.

I leaned against a Live Oak (California's contribution to the galactic city) and let my crotch net the admiring glances that I pretty much expect as my due. I have been the showpiece at more than a few private banquets, with my buddy here as willing recipient of my prod, or me taking his studfist in my vitals nice and deep. Lyres deplored my stance, but with a quick smile and a slight movement of his butt. Diety, he's right. Our slave, Nestor, was recounting news of recent partings and joinings of friends.

Then the gong ringers showed their skill. The booming sound reverberated throughout the Concourse. Something was up. We looked at each other, then hurried ahead to find a vantage point on a nearby fountain. There we saw the three prisoners. They were being led along by the guards. They were naked, stones held by slaverings. All were well endowed, possibly cloned. It's getting hard to tell. It was obvious that these three had done something serious. The crowd murmured in surprised curiosity.

A magnificent blond giant with steaks of grey in his head and beard was led before the prisoners by a boy. The man was blinded and scarred, but still straight standing with the vestige of hard pride. I sensed immediately that the Council was behind this. As the crowd's murmur subsided, his voice rang out clearly.

"Hail Diety. Hail Goddess. All honor to the Giver of Light. Pain and darkness to those who defile their honor. They have denied themselves forever the rites of fulfillment, the brotherhood of their companions, the wholeness of their bodies. See the fate of those who desecrate the Oracle, who would rob its treasures from Father Earth."

Gasps of horror went through the assembly. To steal the most sacred relics of a bygone world, the home of our proud race! (So the Council said.) Silent looks passed between Lyres and myself. Best to go along with their pronouncement was the thought in both our minds. Horror was registered on every face. There was also anticipation of what was to come. Most likely this entertainment was being broadcast throughout the great ship. I felt Lyre's hand in mine. The boy led the blond giant aside and the space around the racks widened. Paying more attention to the three, I examined their splendid bodies being trussed vertically into the framework and harness and hanging free above the ground. Leather straps and chains were attached only where necessary to restrain

movement. Their ankles were bent up behind them and secured to the waist belts. Guards moved in and attached a length of chain to their slave rings. It pulled their stones down sharply. The two captives on either side groaned in pain. The center captive showed strong white teeth and gave out no sound. He was obviously the showpiece in this group. I could not take my eyes off him.

Their bodies were coated with a shining gelatinous oil. The slings were cranked up on the metal framework, giving everyone a clear view. Whatever was in store for them, it looked good. Their fists clenched and the tension on their faces was evident. All had the physique that testified to their power. I looked around at the faces in the crowd. They were a curious blend of "suffer you traitors" and "show your stamina, men." I felt my stones tighten up and my sac rise. I noticed three men without the uniform or insignia of a guard. They stood before small tripod boxes, which resembled calculators. They had the detached look of scribes, their fingers poised above the box. At a sign from the guard they slowly hit a series of keys. The reaction of the prisoners was amazing. I had heard of radar torture, but never thought I would see it demonstrated. It was only a few volts, but it served as a prelude of what was to come. Two of the captives moaned and writhed right from the start. The crowd hissed their displeasure. "What the shaft are you fellows made of?" I thought. The third was clearly manstuff. Just a show of teeth, but he gave out no sound. They all started to sweat, as the radarions were used with selective precision on their bodies. The three silent men were expert in their work. They manipulated the keys, directing the ions up and down the captive's bodies. The men would jerk suddenly, arch their backs, twisting what little they could, opening and closing their fists. Their guts churned with anxiety and tension. They breathed in huge gasps. The stalwarts around me were transfixed by the spectacle. I noticed fists clenched and mouths half open, eyes riveted on the punishment.

Soon it was time for a change of pace. The men were lowered slightly in their harnesses. At a nod from the guard, the three men played another series of keys. The pleasure on the face of the captives became strongly evident. They began to respond against their wills. Oh Diety I thought; I know this trick. They threw out their chests, as their nipples felt the caress of the ions. Their prods became rapidly erect, as if they were being serviced with exquisite understanding. They knew, and we knew, that this would not last. Sobs of submission came from the two lesser animals. The third manbeast offered himself up to pleasure and groaned, not in fear, but in sure strong pleasure. His big thick shotput hardened to erect attention. He threw his body forward, working off the ions in the air. His butt rotated as if it was gently massaged from within. I felt my prok begin to stir. An inhaler was put to his nose. He took a healthy snort and gave over to the moment.

The three branding irons descended swiftly to three captive butts. All of them pitched, bucked and screamed. The one man was so into the promise of one last ejaculation that he was caught totally off guard. He belowed like a bull. You could hear his pain and humiliation. He writhed and twisted, musculature contorting. His head snapped back and forth. His screams gave me a fast erection. His body shuddered involuntarily. As despair caught up with him, choking gut sobs came from him, and he watered and dumped simultaneously. He strained for gasping intakes of air. All three had a bucket of salt water thrown over their brands. The other two had already passed out, but superslave clung to consciousness, still managing to bare his teeth in last defiance.

Lyres and I found ourselves hoping for the salvation of this

mutilated brute. He was lowered to a foot or so above the cart. The blond giant was led before him to quench his thirst with a long, hot stream from his shaft. The captive drank his fill, then let his head fall back and joined his comrades in unconsciousness. If he was condemned, we would never see or hear of him again. So we thought. If the Council decided otherwise, he would have a chance for life. I was sure the other two were fodder for the arena. Their humiliation was complete. Public punishment! Where would it lead. It had its effect on us. The ringers sounded the gongs again, and the three were unstrapped and carried off. The crowd stepped aside, murmuring among themselves.

That night Lyres and I sat in silence in our chamber, still reeling from the drama of the day.

"The look on his face when the brand struck home, Artos. Did you see it—the fleeting look of surprise just before the pain hit. Diety, the pride in his eyes. He had met a challenge that's been a fantasy of mine. And all were there to watch his agony. What a door for a man to go through. Right on the line, I wonder if he only thought of his pain and humiliation, or was he aware of the impression on all the shipsmen that worshipped his degradation. Every one of them would willingly be his bonds slave, right?"

Lyres moved closer to me on the bed. We gazed into the fire, I felt his hairy warmth against me, as he gently stroked my back. Then he moved around behind me, prod against my butt and he cuped my pec in his paw.

"It bothers me Lyres," I said. "What if that were me. Would I be able to take the punishments?"

Lyres began to play with my nipple

"What would either of us do if the pain and terror became unbearable?" I said.

The pressure on my nipple increased. I felt his shaft harden against me.

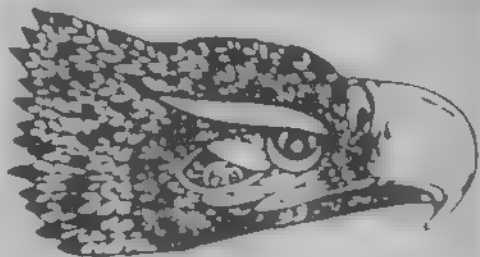
"I mean, what are my pain limits now compared to what they could be?" I said.

Lyres looked at my face in the mirror and saw the challenge in my eyes. We started to wrestle playfully. It turned into a hard contest of wills and strength. The scene evolved to where he casually reached for his strap and I casually reached for the inhaler. Then I stood before him at attention. He played the belt across my physique and I strutted my stuff, letting him work me up by slow degrees. We traded snappershits. The image of the captive passed through our minds. The pain on my body was getting a little hard to handle, but the challenge kept me silent. Until I gave some indication that this was getting too brutal, I trusted Lyres to continue. He knew my mind, and kept up with the strokes. I took another snort, tensed up again. Lyres took a snort and went a little crazy, raising up welts all over me while I gasped, teated and bore the pain.

"May the strength and courage of the Great God be with you," he chanted as he poured the vial of oil over Thor's hair. The priest oiled Thor's shoulders, arms and back with strong sure strokes, teasing Thor's nipples slightly before kneading the last of the oil into his muscle-heavy chest. Thor involuntarily tensed his pecs and felt his prok start to strain against his kilt.

This reaction was not lost on the priest. "You are favored by the Diety indeed brave one. . . but the will to win is yours alone." The priest saluted him and Thor looked directly into the man's eyes, drinking in the stern pride and admiration he saw there. He returned the salute, then quickly turned and left. His chariot stood waiting.

Taking the whip from the attendant, Thor mounted his chariot and cleared his head from the incense of the chamber. Intensely aware of his own sensuality and power, he sucked in great lungfuls of clear air. He felt alive throughout his whole being. The trumpets sounded again. His four



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black chargers reared up before lunging forward to the starting post. As Thor came into view, muscles shining in the hot suns, the arena went wild. His smile came from his heart, and he raised one arm high to acknowledge the worship of the spectators, who were drenching him with cheers and applause.

Thor knew that Lyres and Artos were watching, perhaps even betting heavily on him. During their last session, after the roughness, the tenderness and their triple thundering climax, they had talked for a long while. He thought he discerned in them the same hate and fear of the Council that stirred in him. Would they risk it with him? He knew he would have to move soon. And what better way to attain the favor of the Council than to win the games. Easy fellow, he thought. Time to dwell on that later. Now just win this final game and win big.

"Steady mates," he called softly to his stallions. Their ears pricked forward at his vibrant voice. Pulling alongside the other chariots, Thor fixed his gaze straight ahead and awaited the starting gong in tense anticipation.

The priest tied two more death knots in Thor's hair. Then he pulled Thor's head back and served him the victory cup. It would deaden the pain.

The images all ran together. The mad roar of the multitude, the frenzied tangle of horses and chariots amid the cracking whips. It was a thrilling sight. Ten strong charioteers in a controlled ballet of death. Stamped around the arena, the charioteers were free to use any foul trick they could devise. But win! The rules of the arena were out bounds of all galactic law. Once in the game, you set yourself up for anything. Thor simply had what it took. Kill to win. Challenge your comrad to kill you first, then once he's taken the bait, rack the scumbutt up.

By the fifth turn around the course, Thor's juices were at full flow. His mental and physical machinery were at the maximum point of death dealing effectiveness. He swerved his stallions right, cutting off Helios (blasted startwink too pretty to live in this game). Helios saw the move too late. Thor had maneuvered him into the path of one of several metal bars set into the course. They were just high enough to trip up a fast moving chariot and send the driver flying. As Helios flew butt over head, Thor savagely whipped his soaring frame. Before Helios completed his final arc, Thor's bullwhip had torn a big chunk of flesh from his back and shoulder. He landed just as the up and coming chariots thundered over him.

Thor had no need to look back. The roar of the crowd told him he could add another deathknot to his long queue of hair. He felt his bulshaft harden at the glory of the kill. Then he remembered himself and lashed his steeds to top speed.

The victory was not in the stars however. Thor had a few rough moments of his own when Paxton forced him into the same tight spot over the trip-up bars. Over he went, but had the muscle and mind to grab Paxton's whip. Summersaulting to his feet, he jerked Paxton off his car and to his death. Sing Diety! Two kills. That meant four free laps. So he had just one more to go! Thor ran for the wall as the other chariots dashed past, a few lightening whip lashes caressed his bulk as he hugged the all. Then, taking his knife from his arm sheath, Thor ran out to the mangled remains of Paxton and made a trophy of his stones. Holding up the bloody organs in full view, he ate one, then the other, masticating slowly, letting the blood spill out his mouth and over his chest and belly. He was paying Paxton the highest compliment he could to a vanquished challenger. He smiled inwardly. It was also his last act of love for a brother. When he and Paxton

had last locked bodies in bed, they had vowed to so honor the other if the circumstance arose.

The arena went insane. Artos and Lyres looked at each other silently, mouths open, then back at Thor down below. The bloodlust was total and every teletglass focused on Thor as he swallowed the last of Paxton's manhood. His chargers had never slowed their pace. They rounded the bend towards him. Instant silence—in that moment the arena was for him. They could hear his hoarse command for the stallions to slow, and he quickly ran to remount. Before Thor could gather speed, the other chariots were upon him. He felt the lashes on his back even as he felt the power from Paxton's rocks surge through him. He laughed madly, taking the lashes as manly caresses, thrilling to the manpain, manblood. Thor whipped his own horses to surging speed. They sensed his madness and raced for the finish line. He took two full turns around the course to slow their five pounding hearts, his chest heaving, one arm raised, fist clenched and taking all the deafening praise as his due.

The hardshaft manhood of him was so hampered by the leather kilt, Thor shucked it all, as he strode to the victor's circle. He ascended the stairway, clad only in his sandals, all blood-sweat and pride, prok semi erect. The First Lord of The Council rose as Thor moved with a victor's sureness to claim his prize. The other council members rose also. They beheld a noble champion. The rays of several suns bathed his physique in white light gold light. He was the supreme embodiment of male strength and virtue. The First Lord said, "Well Thor, the moment is yours, so it seems." His voice was dry, languid. Thor felt the priest's eyes on him and knew that he must not look in his direction. He tried not to let the Lord's attitude affront his maleness.

"Before I take the victor's prize, I entreat the right to train with the bonds slave for his final combat. I promise you it will be a match worthy of the Council. The slave will die as befits a traitor, and it will give me the challenge I crave. He is not to know that I will be his combatant. And that is the victor's wish." This was said with spit flecking his mouth and his eyes glazed over. He played with his spermheavy stones and rubbed his sweaty, bloody chest. Best let them think that the bloodlust was still on him.

The First Lord looked to the Council and they raised their staffs in assent. Thor turned and faced the multitude. The priest came forward with two accompanying priestesses who bound the champion to the altarposts. With deft expertise the priest tied two more death knots into Thor's hair. Then he pulled Thor's head back and served him the victory cup. It would deaden the pain. Thor knew that this was more than just ceremony. He felt the dominance in the man's grasp. He drained the cup. The priest thrust him back upright and gave the cup to a priestess. She handed him the brand. The priest held this before Thor. It glowed red from the embers. Thor blew the brand to white heat. Then he closed his eyes and the arena fell silent.

The priest rammed the brand into his musclethick back. He bucked and pitched and screamed even as had the prisoner before him. Trumpets, gongs, cheers surrounded him. The howl of worship in the arena was deafening. He was supreme. The priestesses unbound him. The priest steadied Thor on his feet. He was totally aware of his majesty and nobility and savored the moment to the fullest. He had come this far. With the help of his companions, the slaveship would be free. He grasped the priest's arm for support and made his grip felt. They did not look at each other. Then he shook himself free, lifted his arms and turned from side to side, showing his newly branded back to the worshippers in the stands. At that moment Thor knew that he was the only Diety in their universe.

Continued Next Issue





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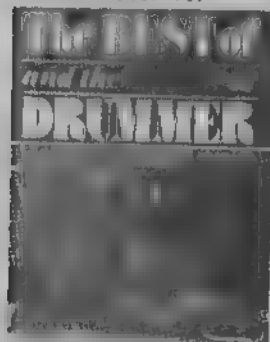
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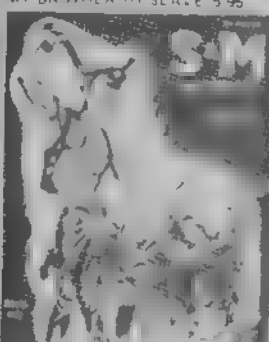
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and equipment if you are a
bodybuilder with a high pain thresh-
old and a sense of humor. I am a
woman. Don 1851 Hayes St. San Fran-
cisco CA 94117. 415-564-
5500 or (707) 860-0243 from 10am to
8 pm only

SAN FRANCISCO W/M 32 5'11"
beard masculine to max Army San
Francisco enjoys his leather
and uniforms. Fantasies W/S
FF of toys. Please &
exchanged only. Even enjoy light
play & riding. No feds or fems.
Photo W/M with SF seal & 4
you wish to make an attempt on a
Fantasy. I will be in photo. I
ava. Photo returned upon
request. Include a description of
yourself & a phone number &/or
address for response to Box A92
(c/o Drummer) or 470 Castro Street
Ste 207-3025 SF 94114

OLD FASHIONED BUTT SPANKING BY DAD

Be direct and don't waste anyone's
time! Call (415) 826-8705

BLACK MEN

OAKLAND/BAY AREA W/M 5'11"
167 lbs. 38. gd kg. slave wants to
worship at your crotch and ass. Use
me for your pleasure, abuse me
speak me bind me fuck me let me
suck your cock, smell your ass eat
your ass. No tats. Write Box 1854

ABSOLUTE TOP

SAN FRANCISCO W/m 31 6'1"
Absolute top, demands genuine
motorcycle respect for obedience ser-
vitude and CHISP. You produce and
I'll provide. Only the Genuine need
respond. Send photo and brief pro-
file. Write Box 773

YOUNG HOT MASTER WANTED
Hot stud W/m 29, 5'8" 145 lbs. will
lick your boots, your balls and your
ass. dig cock straps, leather beer and
hot action. Write with photo Ted, 724
Filmore SF. CA 94117

DISCIPLINARY FATHER NEEDED
Over 40 years old, 4'11", 135 lbs. 9"
Need firm spanking and discipline
for a girl. I am waiting to serve
you. Box 412

PHONE J/O HOT LETTERS

Hot BB into fantasy J/O, hot letters,
hot photos. Top cops BB Daddies,
trucks, levis, leather, cowboys
send photo, phone & hot letter to
Box 904, SF, CA 94101

S.F. WANTED Men into mud and
sleeping in it with our clothes and
boots. Like to fuck and get fucked.
Fur covered dirt bikers preferred by
64" 30 year old man. Box 2078

SAN FRANCISCO ASS GAMES

Spreadeagled maybe tied down,
enemas, butt plugs, didoes vibra-
tors, spreaders, hot oil, balls bal-
loons and other toys. Maybe even a
cock or tongue (your hole and/or
mine) I'm 26 5'10" 155 lbs. brown
hair green eyes uncut. Send a de-
scription or photo of your favorite toy
& let me know how you like to use it.
Box 1277

Experienced San Francisco slave,
white 24 5'8" 155 lbs. seeks serious
leather Master for training in bon-
dage and bootfucking, water sports
and whipping. Box 994

Whipping Sessions wanted with
leather/uniform man. Have experi-
ence both as bound cocksucker
slave and as booted heavy whip
wielder. I am uncut, thick cock for
heavy sucking. Age 36, 175 lbs. 6"
bearded. Box 611

LATRINE DUTY

SAN FRANCISCO 1 on 1 J/O 31
165 lbs. 8'4" uncut, looking for white
beer-gut leather-master for toilet
initiation. Use me as a latrine, piss-
soaked jocks sucked dry. Also into
levis and leather bondage, shaving
recycled beer from cheesy uncut
cocks. Box 562

SAN FRANCISCO Particular Master
32 seeks 19-22 leather love & bare-
foot type for bottom role in light S&M
sex. Traveling companion into out-
doors activities, possible S role
toward 3rd parties with masterful
supervision. Box 788

Selective Sadist requires masterful
masochist. Object must satisfaction
Me W/m 38 6'1" 190 lbs. 8"
uncut. Inventive. You ready for new
adventures? Box 517

SF BAY AREA 27 white blond/blue
new to leather scene. like to watch
the action. Let me watch you make it
work. make me a convert. Box A47

I want a hot, no-holds-barred, rough-
ass time with someone who can be
my Master and live up to it! Am bored
with "green horns". Hope the right
hunk will contact me. Pieter Macho
Blacks or Latinos Box B13

HOT HUNKY

SAN FRANCISCO AREA Well put-
together pierced and tattooed M
new to area. 38, 6'3", 195 lbs.
brown/blue, mustache, cut 6" with
heavy experience looking for serious
Leather Master any race 25-50
uncut meat a real plus C&B torture,
WS, whips, ass work and a lot more
just for openness. This animal into
damn near anything with your plea-
sure his center focus. Have complete
Leather and toy collection waiting for
you. No feds or fems. All photos get
mine and immediate reply. Box 1293

UNCUT THIRD WORLD

I want a hot, no-holds-barred, rough-
ass time with someone who can be
my Master and live up to it! Am bored
with "green horns". Hope the right
hunk will contact me. Pieter Macho
Blacks or Latinos Box B13

SM SAN FRANCISCO

Looking for biker or leatherman for
permanent relationship. P.O. Box
4244 San Francisco, CA 94101

SANTA CRUZ

Aquarius, 52 5'11", 190 lbs. white,
6" Knowledgeable, seeks lover &
exhibitionist nude house slave. Must
be obedient and eager to please with
a light ass, a good cocksucker and
remember Good hit sucker body hair
will be shaved under 50. No role
switching, no one night stands,
drinkers or smokers, also no dopers,
hustlers, freeloaders or jailbirds. No
photo, no reply. Box 1298

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA AND S.F. AREA UNCUTS

Brown hair/eyes, bearded, UNCUT,
nicely portioned W/m 32 5'10", 170
lbs., looking for MEN/UNCUT MEN.
Hairy w/beer gut into heavy cock
with big hairy legs spread wide, with
uncut thick cock hanging balls.
Hairy ass for servicing. My face needs
to be used as a saddle. Long ses-
sions, enjoy leather military and
western attitude. Sexual interests
include cock and body worship. W/S
enemas running W/S
tears. Appear clean occasional
FF and B&D (novice but interested).
No scat and limited pain mixed
equally with affection. Prefer slightly
dominant, adventurous but level-
headed partner(s). No feds or fems.
Answer with photo for HOT reply.
Box 784

SAN FRANCISCO Take this proud
lean horny fucker and use him B&D,
TT WS, face and ass fucking, teach
me your trip. I'm 33, 5'11" 140 lbs.
7", and can top. You're 30-50, big,
well built and hard (daddy?) Photo
gets mine. Steve. Box 2051

HOT S.F. COWBOY

5'7" 140 lbs. Top If you're a horny
dude who likes getting his ass
worked over real good and knows the
meaning of submission meet me.
Only hot bottoms need respond with
photo and name. Box 1002

HANDSOME AIRLINE CAPTAIN
SAN FRANCISCO 30 5'11" 163 lbs.,
versatile seeks goodlooking dudes
into jocks, uniforms. Leather, shorts,
athletic gear. Have 7's, 10's, 11's for
good long workouts. Travel NYC SF
Miami, Canada, London. Photo,
phone. Dick 825 Post No 727 San
Francisco, CA 94109

MUSCULAR SLAVE

SAN FRANCISCO Well defined,
muscular slave seeks train S for train-
ing S&M, Bondage Face Sitting, TH,
Cock, Bal. work, piercing. Raunch
But your trip your way. Travel Am
40 5'10" 180 lbs. Relation photo.
Phone, Photo. Desc letter to P.O. Box
5905 San Francisco, CA 94101

LOCAL ONLY

SAN JOSE AREA Asian seeks W/m
(local only) who like me loves wear-
ing Black Leather but not into S&M
and wishes to establish friendship.
Possible relationship (open or mono-
gamous). Also like me, you're 25-35
sane, no feds, all-tattoos and
use of body. I am a
plus, but you please after and
after. Box 63.

MASCULINE S WANTED

SAN FRANCISCO LIBRA, M, 60, W
5'8", 185 lbs., needs Master into
Leather, Boots, Hood. Heavy into
bondage, C&B Torture, Shaving,
Piercing. Whipping seeks mascul ne
S, who knows what he wants and
does it. Photo gets mine, SIF. Box
1357

NEW IN SAN FRANCISCO

YOUNGISH DAD Smart cigar man,
looking for "son" trim, cute, ass
whipped, pushed, fucked, if good.
Invited to breakfast. Box 1463

NOVICE

SAN FRANCISCO 27 needs help
learning the joys of S&M pleasure.
Am 5'10" very hairy husky build. 8"
cut. Novice. Want 25-35, expe-
rienced 5'10" or over, clean, patient.
Teacher. Prefer Blond, Brown eyes,
lean! Box 1269

LOS ANGELES MS 28, 6', 170 lbs. swimmer's build. Did you play cowboys and indians as a kid? I still do. I'm into wrestling, being captured and tied up to please my captor. If you like games, write to Box 3021 Burbank, CA 91504

HOT HORNEY HAIRY HUNKY HUNG

LA AREA 46, 5'8", 179 lbs. brown hair, blue eyes, 8 1/2" uncult, into tight S&M B&D, jocks, leather WS, TT, FF, JO, fantasy trips. Open to most new scenes. Will answer with photo and photo Box 349

SLAVE WANTED LA/ORANGE COUNTIES

This is a serious ad. No fantasies or part time considered. Again, time, equipment and space are available to train, educate and provide totally for another male slave in a complete life of strict regimentation, obedience and service. Must be over 21 with a true submissive will and desirous of a life commitment to a MASTER. Novice or experienced okay. Will be molded to the high standards acceptable in a style of total sub-servitude sought by all proud Masters. Be prepared to act when applying for IF accepted, I will be the final decision regarding the future. Submit belittling petition to: MASTER C. Box 5850, Huntington Beach, CA 92646 for consideration appointment and initial interview to fulfillment (include name, address and telephone number. Willing to consider acceptance of other Master's property for specific training or boarding.

HOT & READY IN LA

Scandinavian man 33 vesalve very good body good looking enjoy 3 ways and group sex. Love a partner. Own grease outdoor scenes. Good men and good sex get same. Box 853

LOS ANGELES slave, 43, 8', 165 lbs. with large C/B digs receiving C/B/T work S&M leather/levis etc Box 100

WANTED

W/M Hot, young (18-35) Topmen into B&D, S&M WS, Levis, Leather, Jocks, Master/slave games. Face sitting, fucking, ass play (no FF), and in need of head to toe service in hot masculine encounters. I'm a good-looking W/m, 46, 6', 185 lbs. with trim beard & mustache and with brown hair and blue eyes, send photo. Box 1320

HOT M. 40, 5'10", uncult. Experienced piercer or pierces, needles, S&M, C&B Bondage. Most far out kinky scenes in my fully equipped playroom. George, Box 5841 Hunt. Bch., CA 92646

HOLLYWOOD

M. 44, 5'6 1/2", 130 lbs., willing to try anything with the right Master. Prefer S/M 35-55 in leather levi, jockstrap Box 392

LOVE TO EAT BUTT

LOS ANGELES W/m, 30, love to eat butt. Seek Enema instructor. You are 27-45, maybe dark complexion Box 1498

LOS ANGELES AREA SOUTH Goodlooking, 38, trim and hot. Experienced, mustache, bartender and waiter would like to work as your next party or just hear from you leather/levis fuckcuddlers. Will travel to New Orleans, D.C. and NYC in '81 Your photo gets mine. Box 861

LOS ANGELES M. hot young animal. W/m, 25, 6'1", 155 lbs. Wants wild leather. evistad to take in spunk to the mit n S/M B/D Wax Cuf's. Colors and heavy Gr Come work this punk 9 355 Box 957

WEST COVINA W/m, 40, 6', 158 lbs. uncult, Cancerian, versatile, hot goodlooking macho dude, into most scenes except scat, FF and heavy pain. Enjoy worshipping a beautiful body and cock, servicing a cock completely, and I mean completely. Looking for oversexed, hot dude, 21-45, who likes his cock taken care of royally. Your photo gets mine. Box 64

Well defined nice looking masochist who is free spirited yet certain kinds of "ties" is looking for paradoxical paradise to find a goodlooking Master who is as good at knowing as he is at disciplining. Somewhere there is a romantic candlelight setting with champagne all a flow but who also is tops at letting inhibitions go taking that candle and letting it glow on a secret gameroom where secret desires are explored, while taken slow where the password is trust, while there is no word as taboo, ever amongst the two of us. Box 2046

Am 5'4" Brown hair, blue eyes mustache, 190 lbs. I've modeled looking for warm contact Brain and body Box 1413

LA WATER

LOS ANGELES Stud fuckee wants hot stud fucker meet between his cheeks or for a "Warm Ocean" fuck, shoot some hot water in first before you hit it with your best shot 6'1" 165 lbs., 34. Photo exchange Box 1562

WIDE OPEN ASSHOLE

LOS ANGELES W/m 33, 5'11", 150 lbs. goodlooking, has HOT asshole into long heavy FF scenes. Seeks liberal-minded men into long lasting heavy ass trips. Box 1617

RIDE A COWBOY

RIVERSIDE AREA Urban Cowboy 27, wants 2-plus hung stallions to ride him, saddle, harness as you like—wants limits tested but with respect. Seek wild colts with trim mane, mustache over 30. Must travel to your stable. Will arrive in leather, tom levis, on motorcycle. Your photo gets mine. Box 1559

WANT REAL MASTER

NORTH HOLLYWOOD Wanted white male, 25-40. Into motorcycles, camping, backpacking S&M. Bondage, discipline. Am white, 130 lbs. slave in search of a REAL MASTER to obey entirely and worship completely. Box 1515

DEMANDING MASTERS

SAN DIEGO Slave wanted by HOT HUNG San Diego Master demanding but loving if earned. For more information write Photo a must. Box 1542

MASTER SEEK SLAVE.

Santa Monica Area, W/M 40, 5'11" experienced in all scenes. All limits considered. If you have your head on and are ready write now. 2307 Santa Monica Blvd. No. 136, Santa Monica, CA 90404

SHORT TOP FFA MEN

LOS ANGELES W/m, 31, 6'4", 166 lbs. Wants short men with hot experienced hands to plow ASSHOLE into ecstasy. Box 1539

SPANKINGS GIVEN BY

LOS ANGELES White Dad, 44, 6'3", to youthful, trim guys who need a lot of attention. Prefer non-jocks, thin, inexperienced OK. Box 1565

LEATHER UNIFORMS AND BONDAGE

VAN NUYS Looking for Leather Master to bind me with leather, ropes, and affection. Light S&M. Your photo will get mine. Paul, 6375 Van Nuys Blvd., Van Nuys, CA 91401

LOS ANGELES M, goodlooking 25-51", 147 lbs. enjoys playing pleasure being totally dominated by intelligent, strong, stern topman familiar with positive character forming side of leather sex. Don't write unless you are able to gain control and keep it. In return receive my respect, devotion, hero worship and full rights to my body. Box 1272

Have bondage, leather toy fantasies Greek passive for you and your bud. Use to use. Need my balls in bondage, my tits used in bondage with my ass in the air. Want bound to feet one or more to use my ass to piss in, use dildoes to widen it and my scene. Please reply with photo and photo Box 2067

LOS ANGELES W/m 46, 5' 220 lbs. seeks leather or rubber master to be put into heavy bondage for fist fucking, shaving, WS, enemas. S&M. B&D etc. Box 2068

TALL HAIRY M

In need of belt before, during and after S&M B&D, WS FF VA Tie me and hood me, then make me lick your boots while you whip my ass. Sir No scat, fims or fats. Photo and phone to Dean Box 2058

Well defined nice looking masochist who is free spirited yet enjoys certain kinds of "ties" is looking for paradoxical paradise to find a goodlooking Master who is as good at knowing as he is at disciplining. Somewhere there is a masculine top who likes a romantic candlelight setting with champagne all a flow but who also is tops at letting inhibitions go taking that candle and letting it glow on a secret gameroom where secret desires are explored, while taken slow where the password is trust, while there is no such word as taboo ever amongst the two of us. Box 2092

COLD NIGHT? FIND A HOT MAN IN DRUMMER'S DRUMBEATS

HOLLYWOOD Goodlooking uncult stud seeks dominant butch informed few men, cycle cop leatherman SS or Gestapo types for head trip, discipline, submission, mad doctor C&B Witchcraft and a few other outrageous far out things that we will talk about. Aroma. etc No one who doesn't know where his head is. Please Sir Box 167

WHITE SCANDINAVIAN

HUNTINGTON BEACH Male Muscular, surfer 36. Blonde blue eyes, looking for permanent relationship with very heavy top into leather, piercing, whipping, wax, FF, WS, dildoes, etc. Will consider all tops but prefer someone with smarts and a sense of humor who is a romantic and likes desert and surf as well as smoke and aroma. Ray (714) 842-6843 or write with picture to Box 1427

LONG BEACH/ORANGE COUNTY Bearded hairy dude 39, 6'2" 190 lbs., seeks to correspond and/or meet hot, horny, uninhibited studs into fucking, sucking, V/A and prolonged play sessions. Willing to take orders, and try most anything with experienced instructor. Frank photo and offer gets mine. Will answer a l. Box 1475

ORANGE COUNTY Hot, hung leather studs who want to bring hot, blond, blue-eyed cowboy to his knees. send photo Details. Box 1284

LOS ANGELES White male animal, slave to be trained and broken as work-horse needs demanding male master or masters with facilities to use him as such on occasional weekends leading to permanency. To be stable, billed, harnessed and worked under reins and whip. Mature submissive to all demands. Box 1263

LOS ANGELES Hot, hunky cowboy blue eyes, beard, wants to start a Dildo Club. Interested dudes drop me a line and state sizes and interests. Box 1270

BIG WIDE OPEN ASSHOLES WANTED

LA W/m 31, 5'11", 185 lbs. wants men with hot assholes into FF huge dildoes, punch-fucking, able to withstand several hours of heavy ass play. Serious men only no J/O Box 811

TOTAL SLAVE

BURBANK Slave Danny will submit to bondage, whipping, piercing, armpits and tits, shaving, photography for parties, groups or one Master. Phone (213) 846-9486, Danny Payne, 241 East Alameda Ave., Burbank CA 91502

THREE WAYS—GROUP SEX

LOS ANGELES Obedient slave and his Master looking for hot leather/levis and Uniform Studs into three ways and group sex S&M B&D, Dildoes. First fucking and other interests. We have the place. Explicit letter gets immediate response. Box 1369

HOLLYWOOD BOTTOM 24, 6' 135 lbs. white. Seeks knowledgeable partner, 25-40, into B&D light S&M, Toys, etc. Want to try everything once some more than once. Letters with photos answered first. Box 1482

TORTURE FANTASIES

LOS ANGELES Raunch Hungry pig-slave-master 30, 5'7" 150 lbs. wants to explore intelligent luth and torture fantasies with hairy-assed scuzz-mongers top and bottoms. HOT men 18-50 into C&B Torture WS, scat and natural fist fucking. Write Box 1339

HOTTEST ASS IN LA

Hot adventurous bottom, 30, hairy, horny, & high, into Leather/Levis & Toys. Gets it on with smooth hot guys. Needs Topmen with class to plug this tight little ASS. Box 1252

HOT ASS WANTED

LOS ANGELES W/m 29, 5'9" 155 lbs. Leather/Levi Top seeks W/m. into FFA, B&D belt worship. Have playroom. all that's missing is your hot ass hanging in my sling. Photo and phone number. No feds or feds. Box 1564

HOT MUSCULAR BLOND

LOS ANGELES 8'3" 185 lbs. 38, seeks trim Gr/act buddy 18-28. Photo gets mine. Arnes. Box 60851 Los Angeles, CA 90060

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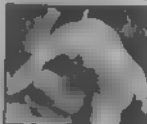
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CONNECTICUT

MOTORCYCLE LEATHER MASTER GREENWICH

Experienced, seeks partners who want and need S&M B&D, C/B/T, T/T, Gr/Pr W/S Domination and other Leather actions including leather toys. Send me your application. Limits respected. Leather Tops & Cowboys welcome to share. Box 1539

RASSLIN'

Young, hot, muscular stud, 5'7", 140 lbs seeks jocks for rasslin' Box 828

EXPERIENCED LEATHER MASTER Looking for Leather/Lvls, S&M slave. Those who want a dominant Master into Leather, bondage and many other interesting sexual scenes. Send me your application. Acceptable applicants will be trained to explore new adventures. If you are experienced send me your Application also Box 437

STAMFORD B with bull whip requires total obedience. Have 9/4" to force feed your mouth or ass. Only interested in real men over 20 Box 579

MUSCLEMEN

Goodlooking New Haven stud, 21, 5'7", 135 lbs., well built and masculine. Gets off on your hot jock body. All scenes considered. Phone/photo to Box 1818

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

HANDSOME slave 30, 6'2", 160 lbs., S&M WS humiliation pain. Seeks hot master Box 8902 Washington, DC 20003

MD, DC, VA AREAS

Two body men 30, 5'11", 172 lbs 36, 7'6", 185 lbs, 175 lbs 32, 8' both well built into S&M, bondage, discipline, heavy lit work, hot masculine guys. Interested in one on one three ways or groups. Reply with photo if possible and phone Box 36

WASHINGTON DC AREA W/m, 40, 5'11", 176 lbs., b/bl seeks w/m partner 25-40 with facility in P&D enemas. Can travel Wash DC. No lats drugs, scat. Photo requested P.O. Box 23867 Wash DC 20024

MD-DC-VA, M. Cancer, 8', 35, 168 lbs. blond, blue eyes, moustache, sensuous, thrifty independent straight appearing, looking for experienced, creative, hung, hard bodied tops, 30-45. Recycled bear repeats shooters long sessions, leather, body worship and sweat are turn ons. Fat, fakes, fems, skinnies, pretty boys, heavy drugs, pain blood and shit are turn offs. Not looking for an Adonis or one fantastic fuck, but for men to serve experiment with and expand limits with over time. Deeper relationship possible not likely, but willing to try. Tell I'm goodlooking, hot but you decide. Recent photo and letter gets recent photo and response. Your photo returned. Sir please write. Box 50602 Washington DC 20004

FLORIDA

SADISTIC COPS ONLY

Goodlooking, well built male seeks aggressive, no-nonsense cops who know how to feed cock, kick ass and earn respect. Not interested in phones or play acting. Real cops only Box 009

ORLANDO Master, 6', 165 lbs., looking for slave needing training. Mild S&M B&D, etc Box 2075

FT LAUDERDALE White, masculine, stable top seeks subjects for training. Discretion is assured. Northern visitors welcome. Include photo, phone and honesty in application Box 1449

STALLION VS STALLION

FT. LAUDERDALE WRESTLE, COCK-FIGHT Spank, ver, Leather Piss, just fine. You/us like the Fuck Goodlooking, 28, 162 lbs, 5'10", 7" cock BB wants ride the hole of another proud beast. Stallion E Spanol, arrogant young dudes at Box 11624, Ft Lauderdale, FL 33308. Bang Bells and I'll show you what a girl you are.

TAMPA BAY AREA

Level headed lvl leather slave, W/m, 29, 5'6", crew cut, moustache, beard, hairy chest. Into moderate S&M, FF hot wax, verbal abuse, recycled bear shit down my throat, body shaving, head trips, and almost everything else. I'd like to eat your pits and suck the spit out of your mouth. Put me in a collar, cuffs, restraints a hood. Sir I will submit to and serve you, a real Master 30-40, hairy and who will take the time to train me in your ways and to develop my trust in you so to take me to levels far beyond the limits I have. A well equipped gameroom would be a plus. Sir, for your trust and respect you gain my complete loyalty and unquestioned obedience. Sir, I want you to be proud of me as your slave. Please write with photo. I will reply to every letter Box 1522

FT. LAUDERDALE Masculine, imaginative, dominant Master seeks together studs into FF WS, bondage S&M, C&B/T, piercing, shaving, for 3-way with in-house slave. Can add nister heavy discipline but no permanent damage or scat. Demanding but considerate. Am 45, 165 lbs, 7" cut with big balls and big hands. Box 258

HAIRY MACHO MEN

If you're into funky hot, sweaty sex and are hairy, rugged, rough maulers, write me and tell me what you would do to me. This good slave can travel and can receive. Also specializing in WS, S&M B&D, rimming, Fr and Gr with Mr Right Box 59

SW FLORIDA S Top, leather biker stud, 39, 5'7", 140 lbs. crew-cut, construction worker heavy hung, digs masculine only humpy service buddies for long hot leather sessions. No fats, old men, etc. You get my attention if you are into leather, lvls, boots, bikes, cigars, aroma, etc. Am dominant and aggressive, sane and sensible. Respect limits. Limited travel ok. Submit qualifications and photo to Box 315

HOT ADVENTURES IN PARADISE Uncut 8' SM transplanted San Franciscan offers hot Key West action of qual freed visitors. Hard-bodied, hard-headed, hard-playing 35-year-old welcomes other adventurous studs into exploring and actualizing our mutual fantasies. I'm attractive, intelligent, responsible, muscular and mustached, it takes the same to turn me on. Bonds, big tits, interest in bondage, S&M CB and lit torture. FF are pluses, but less important than a hot body and sense of adventure. Planning a visit to paradise? Reply (with photo if possible) to Box 792

MIAMI W/m, 42, 5'10", 160 lbs. blond/blue. Show off your tough hard body with this goodlooking ranch man into workout mates, mirror /o, piss worship, sweat, heavy dildo and enema action sought and given. Tender young guys expertly taught how to be men. Write w photo Box 47

BIG BLACK BEEF

Wanted by bearded 165 lbs, 5'10" white slave who needs hot sweaty funky sex with black men WS B&D S&M, oral and rear with rugged tough numbers Box 2058

Attractive, stable, intelligent man mid 20s white, has been exploring sado-masochism several years. Wants similar man to mid-30s for honest continuing weekend explorations. Must have come to an understanding that mutual aspiration support, respect and care are requisite to building the trust and love central to any real sado-masochist encounter. Not looking for one fantasy fuck. Honest only with a sense of humor should reply. Confidential and expects the same. Central/South Florida. Prefer Top/bottom man. Box 437

GEORGIA

SLEAZY ACTION

AUGUSTA W/m 42 150 lbs, 6', short cropped hair moustache good body needs V/A, W/S Shaving and whipping from imaginative tops. Sleazy action and long hot sessions. Can be top, prefer bottom for experienced man Box 1571

ATLANTA W/m 34 interested in SM bondage shaving. Would also like to experience foot fucking while in bondage. Blacks welcome. Box 1902

DECATUR 35, 6' W/m into B&D SM, C&B torture, whips, paddles, toys, Fr A/P Gr A/P 69, 501 Lewis, army boots and heavy ball work. No FF scat, injury or permanent marks. Send photo. Box 1909

M 26 white 5'10", 147 lbs into rough fucking and fast fucking, piss, S&M B&D verbal abuse, leather, lvls boots. Seeks meetings or correspondence with aggressive tops in USA, Europe, Canada, Australia. No fets, scat, scars or blood Box 268

ILLINOIS

NEED HAIRY-CHESTED SADIST **CHICAGO** To work me over in heavy scenes for mutual pleasure. Cigar smoker a plus. Cock, balls, lit piercings, fisting, ball busting, etc. I am 6'1" 190 lbs. 37 with 8 1/4" cock in good shape Box 1371

CHICAGO COUPLE into FF B&D, seek like-minded men for three ways group action. Top 34, 5'4", 120 lbs, 7" Bottom, 27, 6", 140 lbs 6" Reply with photo gets ours. Only serious minded MEN need reply. Box 1340

SLAVE FOR SALE AND OR RENT

5'10", 195 lbs. Brown hair, Blue eyes, 31-46 Extra strong body and spirit S&M B&D W/S, etc. Not used often. Strong Master could train right. Send your requirements. Box 1426

BOOTLICKER

CHICAGO RINGED M 31 6'1", 175 lbs. Needs humiliation and abuse from strong-willed cocky Master into suspension, bondage, tits, piss rubber. White Wolf, 6636 Newgard St., Chicago, IL 60625

DUNGEON/PLAYROOM

CHICAGO Dungeon/Playroom available for your private sessions or parties. 1,000 sq. ft., fully equipped cat tub sings suspension and B&D area, rack toys, posses, etc. Private Reasonable Top Supervision optional Traynor (312) 525-3341

SLAVEBOY SOUGHT

CHICAGO W/m, 44, 6'2", 165 lbs. hairy, wants small slender slave houseboy. Must be 20 to 30 under 40 lbs with small firm buns and neatish desire to be fucked. Prefer gentle, somewhat fem, pretty boy (a type not now fashionable) who needs permanent secure relationship, and who enjoys sex and "belonging to a man. No drugs Box 1567

LICK A DIRTY BODY

CHICAGO Pig ass of any kind (crudy, crutch, amputia, and ass, piss or shit, toilets, face sitting, mud, sweat grease) in or out of clothes (uniforms, leather, evils, jocks, gym shorts, etc.) with or without bondage. Hot goodlooking man, 36, 6', 165 lbs seeks guys into any of the above to serve me or do mutual trade-off. Fantasy dilemmas, pain, role play, anything different or bizarre turns me on. We can do it all. Travel: US. Send photo and dirty letter Box 864

FANTASIES FULFILLED

CHICAGO MASTER white male, 41, 6'3", 195 lbs. will fulfill your fantasies. Military Discipline, S&M Fraternity Initiations, Prisoner, Humiliation, Bondage, etc. Send photo if possible. All replies answered. Chicago Metropolitan Area only P.O. Box 2630 Chicago, IL 60690

CHICAGO Arnes, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular S. dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut Handsome body-builder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient and know his place. No fets. Box 416

UNIFORM LEATHERMASTER WANTED

Masculine, intelligent, perverso, bored and dominant by handsome, loyal stud slave 28, 6'1", 170 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, with receptive ass, hot thirsty hole and willing tits. Chicago area Box 2094

WORSHIP/HUMILIATION

Licking bodies, boots, feet, armpits, ass, V/A, spit, toilet games humiliation asswipe service. If you're hot—especially masculine types or stocky ex-football player types, potbellies, or big bodies line, I'll go top/bottom, or mutual ideas? Midwest and both coasts. Goodlooking man, masculine voice 36, 8' 160 lbs. Box 864

CHICAGO White, 34, 5'6", 140 lbs., 7" cock. Top wants other tops or aggressive bottoms for extended mutual scene action sucking fucking, rimming jocks. O/W 5'11" 170 lbs. ng and ball work. More body HAIR the better. Letters with photo gets same—pronto Box 1460

WANTED White needs input for story, term. Des Fiedermars says my letter asks authentically, so tell me the S&M, us and dents. Brian O'Hara, 4321 W 85th St. Oak Lawn IL 60453

CHICAGO W/m, 38, 6'3", 180 lbs 8" seeks friends/slaves 30 or over, in good physical condition with level head Box 894

INDIANAPOLIS M 26, 6' 180 lbs
6'4" cut, into B&D heavy S&M. Will
try anything at least once, but basic
interest is heavy ball work. Turns on
to B backs, hairy men, 21-45. No fairs.
fems de os WS or sca. Box 1549.

INDIANAPOLIS M. 49. 510" 170
lbs 6%", white, inexperienced W
make up in obedience what I lack in
experience. Seeks sincere, under-
standing and knowledgeable Master
to bring out the best in me. Will try
anything once. Can travel to sur-
rounding states. No blood and no
scat. Photo please Box 833

IOWA MASTER 6 lean, white seeks permanent slave for complete physical & mental training, naked bondage & submission. Must be lean or muscular, hairless in body and ready for slavery in mind. Send photo, application & phone to Box 879.

KANSAS

W/m 5'10" 175lbs brown hair blue eyes, Greek passive. Box 2172 Hutchinson, KS 67501

KENTUCKY

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE
LEXINGTON S, 38, 5'11" 175 lbs
experienced in all scenes. All him is
considered. Must have firm body and
have your head on. If you are ready
write now Box 985, Lexington, KY
90202

LOUISVILLE Long hard and firm over the knee discipline administered with hand, paddle or belt by 30 6'2", 175 lb. stud. Under 30. Greek passive preferred. Limits respected. Write with photo. Can travel. Box 2068.

LOUISIANA

HOUSEBOY SLAVE
Live-in position for a guy that is ready to devote both mind and body total y to a capable master. Only those slaves that are ready for a life long commitment need reply to: Master P Far nald, Suite 141 2626 Metairie Lawn Drive Metairie LA 70002

FATHER SON

MONROE W/m 34 6' 175 lbs into father/son reform school type discipline Both roles Would like to hear about fantasies and possibly meet Box 1576

NEW ORLEANS MASTER
45. 5'6" 135 'bs 6" into B&D d+
does. C&B. T/T straps bells. FF
W/S Seeks summer trainees 15-30
Must be together and sincere. Send
honest letter with photo. Box 1543

NEW ORLEANS W/m, 35, Leather Police Un-forms, boots, B&D S&M. Seeks same. Am turned on by touch, smell, taste and feel of Leather, high black boots, full police uniform and gear. I seek a few d.screel men into the same. Occasionally travel. Box


MAINE

HAVE A FANTASY?
Want it to come true? Two bearded
dudes from northern Maine waded
into all scenes, groups FF WS J/D
H and ball torture, bondage voyeur-
ism, smokes and aroma, ready for
hot kinky action. Come visit, write or
call. Your photo gets ours. Lee
Quebecois sont bienvenus es bienve-
nus Box 200

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE ANAPOLIS AREA, S.
38, 5'10", 170 lbs, bearded, hung,
goodlooking, firm but understand-
ing. Seeks slaves for long sexual ses-
sions in equipped den. All scenes
other tops welcome to share slaves.
Letters with photos get answered.
Box 1410

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MASSACHUSETTS

HOT JACK OFF SCENES

BOSTON Wanted by hot attractive brown complexion guy visiting San Francisco and Los Angeles soon. Body oils, aroma, vibrator, OK. No S&M B&D or FF. Your recent photo is a must and returned promptly at your request. Let's get it on. Box 1537

SLAVE 29 5'10", 140 lbs. slim and hairless. Boston area desires to serve muscular hairy type Master. Facial hair a plus. Into boots, stockings, ass work and particularly black tea hair and piss. Particular and dog collar over whips and pain. Versatile well hung, and very willing to expand limits. Box 2096

HIDE TANNING

NEW ENGLAND NY

W/m, 5'9" 34, 150 lbs., seeks to hear from you if you need to have your hide tanned and attended to. Disciplined and understanding. Also seek contact with other tanners in search of new hide. Box 1407

LEATHER

Hot, horny M, 25, 5'8", 130 lbs. looking for hot leather action. Chaps a must! Am new to leather scene but anxious to learn. Send photo and info. Box 1818. Boston MA 02105

CAPE COD, 8, 52, 6, Taurus. 200 lbs. well muscled, tough, uncult. into B&D W/S, shaving, FF and all kinds of anal, entry, enemas and other sports. Seeks white slave, 18-40, very submissive, for prolonged

time, to be used as a dog, to be used as a slave. Must be able to endure moderate to heavy pain, ball torture, whipping, prolonged immobilization, but abuse, body whipping. No cryables, softies or thrill seekers need apply. I am looking for a serious slave who craves punishment, abuse, humiliation and expects nothing but pain, torment and discomfort in return. Box 790

MASS/PLYMOUTH AREA

W/m, 65, bondage slave, is looking for a young master 23-35, with 6' or more of uncult. cock to service. Am French active and Greek passive. No drugs, FF, S&M or pain, just bondage. Am retired can travel anywhere. AMTRACK goes. Your nude photo gets m me. Box 2025

MASTER

LUTHERVILLE Master seeks respect and service from 2-legged stud with tail! Will consider novice trainee. Send photo & full information. Box 602

WANTED

BALTIMORE CLEON WELL-HUNG. HOT ASSSED HARD DICK BUTT FUCKIN' ASS EATIN', DICK SUCKIN' TOE SUCKIN' WHITE, BLACK OR LAT. NO P.G. 25-35. Able to work 8 hours, sleep 8 hours and fuck 8 hours a day every day. To service two hot tattooed pierced shaved, self-supporting whites 35 and 40, into total mind and body ownership, shaving, piercing, C&B tit torture, toys, W/S, FF and much more. Two fully equipped playrooms. Tattoos and piercing a plus, but not presently required. Objective: Permanent full time, three-way relationship, possible business partnership. Only serious apply with photo and state Ed and Richard C/O LEATHER UNDERGROUND, 208 READ STREET, BALTIMORE, MD 21201

NOVICE Voyeur looking for involvement. W/m, 40, 6'1", 180 lbs. needs well-built Master to train my yearnings to serve and be freed of inhibitions. Must be tough and gentle, into leather or light lewis. Need inwork bondage. I'm a challenge, but sure to be worth it. Picture appreciated. Box 1476

White male, 45, 5'5", 160 lbs. bottom looking for top. No scat, FF, or dope. All else ok. Blacks or whites. Max Gerson 9 Manchester Place Silver Spring, MO 20901

BALTIMORE OR WASHINGTON DC area SM (either role) into L/L, WS, CBT/T, B&D strap, FFA, no scat. Apply with picture stating desires. Frequent visitor to Chicago. L.A., S.F. Box 853

NOVICE

BALTIMORE AREA M 5'11", 180 lbs. 6' cut seeks sincere understanding, experienced and knowledgeable master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing obedient and eager to learn. Some US travel Box 1000

BOSTON Bearded W/m, mid. 30s. versatile and imaginative. 5'9", 155 lbs. uncult. hairy body turned on by tit work, WS, ass work, and foot lick. In. Seeks man of same interests. Willing to expand. Box 640

BOSTON NE & NYC

34, 5'8", brown hair and eyes. Sir, I want to serve hot erotic leather man as his slave in leather bondage. Light S&M, hoods, gags, handcuffs and toys. No FF, scat, piercing or shaving. Thank you Sir for your consideration. Box 1431

MICHIGAN

DETROIT Slave wanted to serve young master. Photo and letter of submission required. Permanent service possible. Willing to train novice. Box 2071

HUNG MEN SOUGHT

DETROIT 30, 6' 175 lbs., 7" attractive, seeks similar hung men, 18-43. Hot photo gets mine, but not necessary. Explicit letter please. Box 2016

MUSCULAR LEATHERMAN

DETROIT AREA ONLY Muscular leatherman into soft side of leather. Enjoy leather boots, jackstraps, cuddling, kissing, J/O. Photo a must. Box 1506

BEARDED LEATHER MASTER

DETROIT 33, 5'10", 140 lbs. 8" Cock looking for submissive slave. 21-35. Am into S&M B&D WS TT. Write with photo. Box 1532

DETROIT W/m 47 5'8" 175 lbs. SM B&D Solid and very hairy all over. Bottom, passive for lots of bondage & discipline. Particularly enjoy dungeons, jails, cuffs and bars in bondage. Like enemas, dildoes, Greek a/p, French a/p. All kinds of fetishes. No scat, and sometimes piss. No smokers and light drinkers. I have lots of toys and can entertain and welcome visitors especially from out of state. All races please. Sirs, chain me up and rape my ass or gang bang me. Box 1290

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

White male 26, 6'1" 160 lbs. 8" into oral service. Western type test will be to serve well-endowed Master. 18-35. Write Steve P.O. Box 123 Roseville, MI 48066. Photos answered first. White or Black

DETROIT White, hard-muscled topman, 33, 5'8", 155 lbs., looking for stud under 40, top/bottom to serve as night hand man in discipline sessions with bitch slave. 22. Let's belt his tight buns, ride him at both ends, soak him in piss, and enjoy a beer as he worships our bodies. I gratefully have sling, also video equipment for voyeuristic cameraman. Photos exchanged, returned. Box 899

WAYNE COUNTY AREA White slave 21 needs Master, any race, any age. Into anything and everything. No limits. You call all the shots. Ready and waiting. Sir. Box 826

DETROIT W/m 38, 5'6", 140 lbs. good body, hairy and hung (especially thick). Needs hunky deep throats and hot and wild receptive ASSES with good tight bodies to age 40. FF. Bondage, toys, tits, fun and good times. No fats or feds. Here or there. Photo preferred. Box 351 Farmington, MI 48024

ROCHESTER S, 5'10", 180 lbs. 6' firm Master with well-equipped dungeon seeks obedient slaves. Willing to submit to novices into S&M B&D WS and more. Write Robert 1030 Adams Road South Rochester MI 48063

MASTER understands your needs. Time for talk and time for action. Thumb areas professional. Tom Proctor, Box 104, Cass City MI 48726

SOUTHFIELD 46, 6' 160 lbs. German S, muscular 7" uncult. seeks novice who would be interested in exploring and growing with limits. Respected. No drugs, fats, fems. Hairless body tight physique a plus. Box 468

DETROIT AREA W/m, 24, 5'10", 145 lbs., light brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, good looking, hairy ass looking for top guys into leather lewis. Enjoy tit work. B&D dildoes. FF. Write Box 364 Hazle Park, MI 48030

MINNESOTA

WANTED

UNCULT WHITE TOP MAN

40-70, grizzled, masculine, white cockfighter must live with, worship and suck one tough, straight non-reciprocating, obscene fuckin' son of a bitch. Full time, cowboys, farmers, lawmen, hard hats, others welcome. I like boots, lewis, leather piss, THICK peckers, clean assholes. Will relocate. Photo. Phone Box 1261

MASTER WANTED

MINNEAPOLIS White, 25, handsome, masculine slave, 5'11", 150 lbs., light brown hair, green eyes, dark beard, hot & horny, 7 1/2", Leo, am ready to serve, white 28-year-old stud. I would prefer only tall, dark hairy muscular masters. Beards, moustaches & big manly tool a plus. Let me serve you and worship you. Obey you and love you. I dig all leather (gear & scenes) and am into body worship. J/O. Dirty talk, posing oil, cockrings, jocks, all boots & gym gear. I beg you. Please, Sir, he p this hot, wanting slave find an owner. Letters to Box 560

MPLS. Would like to meet men who like to fuck, are into bondage. Cowboys, truckers, all men who are well hung and know what they want. No Fats. Box 825

W/Male, 43, 6'1", 165 lbs. seeks slave or prisoner who needs tit, cock, & ball torture. Box 356

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY MASTER Affectionate Scorpio, uncult 8' 5" 145 lbs. sold prefer email. slim, white 20-40 Greek passive, R/a/p. Live in lover slave who needs to be owned, possessed for permanent relationship with no hang ups. Respect limits. Box 1318

ST. LOUIS W/m 6'1", 185 lbs. 8" uncult. very hairy all over, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive yet quiet straight act and appearing seeks other hairy masculine dudes into mutual give and take working over cock tits, no cat assholes with uniforms, jocks. No scat or shaving. Any age eager to explore. Box 886

Young slaves may apply to versatile 6 bodybuilder (180 lbs.) for servitude stating qualifications along with photos. Various scenes possible and rewards given for excellent service. Located in St. Louis area. Box 159M

ST. LOUIS W/m 6'2", 175 lbs. needs hairy studs. Can go the way tough and hard or otherwise. This tongue is wild and will eat out everything from assholes to empires. T work a specialty. My hungry ass will take anything you have. Your photo gets m me. Box 1479

IF HE'S NOT HERE
HE PROBABLY NOT AVAILABLE

NEBRASKA

SOUTH EAST NEBRASKA W/m 40, 6'11", 180 lbs. uncult. looking for hot sex 18-45. Enclose photo. Box 1459

WILLING TO LEARN

RENO I'm completely inexperienced in the Leather World, but am willing to learn the way from an understanding, experienced Leatherman. I'm muscular so want a very muscular hairy man. I like tit work, rimming, sucking, fucking, and would like to get into WS. At this time I'm not interested in scat, FF or heavy pain trips or heavy drug scenes. It isn't important that every man I desire be hairy but must be muscular. Box 869

MASTER seeking full time applications for slave boy. Will serve as master sees fit into bondage discipline, C&B tit work, WS, etc. Master has complete training facilities to handle any slave. Slaves apply with photo (mandatory). Master is 32 5'11" hairy no Rip. Box R21

W/m, 6'2", 195 lbs. muscular and hairy and 35 A hot, oversexed hunk who needs a lot of hard fucking sex from other men who know how to give it. I'm a very hot cocksucker who enjoys low down, raunchy and dirty sex especially WS B&D, dirty talk and heavy tit work. I'm very versatile and I'm willing to travel to explore new hot scenes with other hot men. Box 2054

LOOKING FOR MASTER

RENO SIR Looking for master in Reno area to train slave for service and worship. Prefer bodybuilder with definite need to dominate. Am willing to expand limits for man who is capable of leading a slave into W/S, TT, B&D etc. SLAVE is 5'11" 158 lbs. b/b/b. 30 semi-muscular with good face. You are handsome and kind of man who should be served. Photo a must, yours will get mine. Thank you. SIR for your TIME. Box 1397

NEW JERSEY

TATTOOED BIKER

BLACKWOOD Full heavy-leathered, dirty levis, big booted, tattooed biker seeks similar local bikers interested in wild prolonged, no seasons W/S and riding together. Digs exchanging piss and cum on each other's boots and levis. P.O. Box 284 Blackwood, New Jersey 08012 (Send letter & photo)

TRENTON SLAVE

5' 5" 185 lbs 6" uncut. begs for trial by pain and abuse through B&D suspension. C&B torture. bit work. whips padds as WS electricity wax body shaving etc for some small privilege of serving and adoring master with mouth, tongue and asshole. Box 2048

MORRISTOWN S. 41 6'2" 190 lbs white. 7" cut, hairy body. Quiet natural down to earth, not into game playing. new to or fantasy trips. Easy going but demanding and experienced no-nonsense type of Master but one who understands the value of TLC. Seeks the service of a good slave, especially oral. 20s to 30s, for weekends or possible permanent. In relationship. Enjoy giving right workouts to a good body but will respect limits at all times. Willing to train novice. No drugs. feds feds Box 520

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

CENTRAL JERSEY W/m. 39 6' 175 lbs. tattooed bodybuilder leather stud. Hairy rider with fifteen years experience as sadist with private game room wants to hear from willing slave ages 25-40. Limits respected and expanded. No reply without picture, which gets mine. Write to P.O. Box 13, Frenchtown NJ 08825

NEW YORK

TOTAL BODY & TOILET SLAVE

Wanted by Master 32 6'0", 7" cock. Must be young, dark hairy, uncut under 5'7". totally submissive expect B&D. WS, TT, whips, piercing, branding, wax, balwork, shaving, FF. Must reply with photo. If you don't meet requirements, don't waste my time. Box 2074

NEW YORK 38, Aquarius, blond blue-eyed, goodlooking (clean cut but not effeminate) W/m desires to service, relieve and please macho MASTER, Clint Eastwood types. Not into heavy S&M or FF but like to receive verbal abuse WS and service dominant men who want service and relief. Turned on by leather shoes, boots, cigars, and male swagger. Willing to learn more about pleasing macho types. All letters welcome and answered promptly. Box 300K

MASOCHIST

W/m 28 5'6" 130 lbs hairy masculine needs smelly abusive Master for all scenes. Have leather room available for sessions. Suite 437 44 Hudson St. New York NY 10014

MANHATTAN Back man. 50 seeks white non-fat slave who uses his submissive head for thinking, sucking cock, drinking my piss, wanting his tits tortured, enjoying having his mouth fucked and performing total oral service for my black cock regularly. A guy who gives me his greatest asset his head in service, allegiance, love and communion. Box 510

BONDAGE SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

Submissive and obedient travel NE monthly B&D WS, TT C&B all I ask is to be kept in silk eart and either bondage when not being used. Box 2073

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE WANTED

By dominant, quick tempered, laser tongued horny writer & intellectual 40s, 5'8", 145 lbs., often raunchy always messy. Seek attractive, clean shaven submissive for total servicing. Prefer slim hung uncut under 5'8" (but taller, cut considered). Any race, under 40. Photos answered first. Box 138 NY, NY 10159

GREENWICH VILLAGE M into total rigid prolonged leather bondage into permanent bondage lifestyle. Am 38, uncut, 5'10" 165 lbs. Box 1790

JOCKS

Do you fantasize having you big sweaty feet (size 11 plus) serviced by a hot W/m. 27 8'1", 175 lbs. who is very attractive, masculine and sincere? Box 304, Village Station, New York NY 10014

DAD/BIG BROTHER/COACH

Will train bad boys. Strip yer little white jockys lanyer hide, discipline ya good. You'll be shitting in yer pants, buddy! Firm, youthful bodies to 40. Send descriptive letter. Photo if possible. Box 2076

UNIFORM LEATHERMASTER

Tall, trim, 44, requires guy with martial interests who recognizes authority, submission and obedience as virtues in a world that is soft and undisciplined and is prepared out of strength, not weakness to bare his ass and bend his back in my service. Box 2097

LONG THICK FORESKIN

B G BALLS THAT NEED SERVICING. BOX 2061

GREENWICH VILLAGE W/m. 39 into total leather bondage as a permanent lifestyle. Masks harnesses hood complete leather encasement. Box 2063

EXTREMELY HANDSOME

NEW HAVEN 26, Handsome, 41 Hairy Chest, 30" Waist, 6", 170 lbs. Muscular defined butt. Seeks same any race. Photo a must. Travel NY & CA. Occupant Box 397 New Haven CT 06510

BOOT SEX

NEW YORK Hot, hunky stud wants others for all kinds of foot gear sex S&M, B&D, W/S, poppers. Exchanges Box 1673

FOR EXPERTS ONLY

NEW YORK CITY VILLAGE W/m 5'8" 130 lbs. The best piece of ass on the East Coast. For experts only. Voluptuary, not porno. Word's most perfectly functioning tube. Can be stuffed at both ends. Not a submissive but a participant. Long term chemical fuck prefer to avoid scum scenes, feds opera queens in black leather and whole sameness in general. Bored by blueprints. Salvaged after the Joycy A.K. amputee ad in issue 42. P.O. Box 478 NYC, NY 10011. Pics answered 1st.

ATTENTION NEW YORK SLAVES

You are muscular, youthful and hot with a genuine need to belong to a 6'4" Blond, 35 year old muscular Leather Master. I want to see you. Slave and master. Whips and torture and will submit to heavy and creative S&M B&D, etc. You generally don't answer ads but not wanting to miss the opportunity to serve this Master you will send your detailed application and photo. Box 873

ORGS

HUDSON VALLEY-WESTERN CONN. All guys in the area into hot kinky sex (FF W/S, J/D Tilt and belt, torture, piercing, bondage, voyeurism, etc). Let's see if we can get some orgs going. Write Shoales P.O. Box 24 America, NY 12501



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MARK IV
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Laguna Nigel, CA 92677

MARK IV

QUEENS, NYC Mature M, Scorpio bottom man, 5'7", 145 lbs., hairy body, bald but bearded, seeks mature top Master for discipline and heavy titwork. FF, WS, Scat, Jock straps, hairy bodies, black beards, stocky builds turn me on. No role switching or skinny blondes. Box 308

BUFFALO W/m, 42, 6'1", 174 lbs., uniforms, leather leys, Novice, but wants to learn. Will answer all, travel. Box 715

PIGGY RAUNCH
Versatile NYC Chelsea W/m, Scorpion 33, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut, for uninhibited scenes. Heavy ass play (FF), L/L, W/S, scat, jocks, sweat oil, shaving, tilt, c/b torture, boots and socks with real creative men into role switching. Willing to explore new realms. No overweights or fats. Beards a plus. Include photo and scene Box 703

PUPPY SEEKS BULLDOG
Hot Italian, 26, 5'9", 175 solid lbs., seeks bear-bel ad brutes who enjoy a butch dog collared slave. Seek stocky, chunky 5'7" to 5'10" 180 to 225 lbs. dominants who groove on service. Write with photo (returned) to: P.O. Box 3058, Church Street P.O. NYC NY 10006

NEW YORK CITY W/M, 28, 5'7", 140 lbs. Clean shaven, masculine, seeks to be controlled by a Dominant top. I have a lot to learn and would like to meet someone with teaching ability. 25-40 Box 1370

WRESTLERS STREET FIGHTERS
26, 6'2", 190 lbs., W/m Topman wants to meet submissive young dudes into no holds barred L/L, jock, wrestling. Also want to hear from other Tops into same Box 804A

HOUSEBOY FOR SALE
Will take care of your home. Need owner with a strap who will keep me naked, chained, and shaved. Use me for hard labor, abuse, total toilet and body service. Only serious minded over 35 NY CT NJ Box 1312

CAPITOL DISTRICT W/M 34 5'8" 170 lbs. thick beard, masculine, muscular and into rough leather sex. Have slave who will be used in sessions. Write with photo. Box 855

NEW YORK W/M, 28, 155 lbs. 5 Needs BB to 35 years to take orders and train my young Italian slave. Send photo & phone Box 1334

NEW YORK W/M 30, well built muscular guy with hard dick sticking out hairy chest full beard, sweaty jock and good body wants to pump up against a stud guy. Esp fat bald swarthy guys in tight pants and over hanging body. I want to smell your crotch. Feel up your ass and hump my hard dick against your gut. Box 1330

NEW YORK W/M 35, 5'8", 160 lbs. 6" cut, medium build seeks help to reach fulfillment as slave. Need strict but understanding Master to bring out ability to serve with body and mind. Not into scat or injury. Box 80

NEW YORK CITY
by M 30 Generous call guy into boots uniform. NZ, SS, SM, B&B Leather, way out verbal trips, have good earnings want to share with big Hussy man any age over 190 lbs. Must be mean and street wise. cops. construction ok. Box 1324

NYC Tall, slim, goodlooking, Hung, Mid 20s, requires totally submissive slave(s) for experimental bondage and training as dog slave. You will strip, perform, beg to serve and obey in or out of bondage. No heavy pain trips. Limits respected. Just Humiliation, degradation and servitude. Especially like Latin or Italian types but all goodlooking young slaves considered. Also like to hear from other Masters. Box 1321

ATTENTION: All husky smooth skinned, congregate type bottoms, opportunity to serve and submit to my hot football super jock master while I watch and worship. Expect heavy bondage light S&M. Send respectful letter detailing your description, experience and limits, if any. Photo preferred. Southern Connecticut location. Box 831

WRESTLERS-LEIS S&M
Mean, tough, vicious ruthless stud, W/m, 6'2" wants to hear from same type dudes. I ages into no-holds-barred fighting, kicking, punching and squeezing a guy's nuts, etc. Exchange info ideas, or meet. Box 804

BALLS 43, 5'8" W 155 lbs. hot out of door type, together and creative. My sack hangs heavy with full hot nuts. If you're into giving a jelling sensual pain to balls, let's go. Lots of equipment. A photo of your sack gets mine. Box 1286

SYRACUSE S&M COUPLE
Looking for real levi and leathermen in the Syracuse and NYC Area for medium to heavy sessions. I'm 34 5'11" 150 lbs. dark hair beard mustache top & bottom. Our interests are Bondage, Piercing, Nailing, FF Wax Shaving, T/T C&B Torture, Whipping, W/S, Scat, etc. Limits within reason respected. Letter & Photo to Box 2674, Syracuse, NY 13220

S&M CLUB FORMING New York City Area only. All ages welcome. Write for free questionnaire and information. Occupant, 167 West 80th Street, Apt 40 New York NY 10024

Wanna be stripped gagged chained, hoisted, shaved, polaroided, and worked over head to toes by mature, experienced Master? Send pic & personal data to Box A90

FF RECEIVER
NYC W/M 28 5'4" 110 lbs. 7", needs scenes with 30s Leather FFA Master into calibrated pain B&D Shaving, toys, Photos, groups. Throw my ass in your sling. Box 1332

MASCULINE HUNG AND DOMINANT
BROOKLYN Attractive W/m, 30s, masculine, hung, Dominant, stable & nice. Wants GWM who enjoys being Gr/Pass, good buns (enough to hold on to) dominated, very affectionate devoted for perm relationship. Photo/phone if possible. Will send mine. Box 5177 New York, NY 10163

OBEDENT BODY SLAVE AVAILABLE
NEW YORK CITY Serious Bodybuilder 5'9", 185 lbs. 28, goodlooking. Seeks strict supervision, piercing, military regimentation dog discipline body and mind ownership, by a Master who wants to be proud of his obedient body slave. Photo requested. SIF Box 1493

ATTRACTIVE EXPERIENCED SLAVE
NEW YORK W/M, 31, 6'1", 185 lbs., athletic body, intelligent and trendy needs young (18 pl.) goodlooking, punkish and uninhibited Master to experience imaginative & heavy S&M and total submission. Photo appreciated. Please write Tom Box 2001 Response Answering Service, 316 Fifth Avenue New York NY 10001 for prompt reply

ROUGH HOUSE & RAUNCH
Buddy wanted for hot, wet, rugged contact in and out of sweaty jocks. Especially UNCUTS. Send Photo P.O. Box 1328, Grand Central Station, New York NY 10017

NEW YORK SLAVE
W/M, 27 5'9", 140 lbs. Solid body needs forceful Man to work on my BARE-ASS, Paddles, crops, whips. LB #37 470 2nd Ave. New York, NY 10016

NEW YORK CITY-HOT LOOKING
W/M 36, seeks goodlooking men under 40 who like their Balls worked over. Have interesting toys for our enjoyment. Reply only if you like the real thing. Box 1485

NEW YORK CITY 28, 5'8", 150 lbs. 42" Chest 30" Waist Looking for a dominant, masculine, rugged sex partner. 30 years or older. Box 1484

CREATIVE S&M WRESTLING
HOT BUILT HUNG ITALIAN 34 5'8" 155 lbs. Ex-Prep Grappler wants long imaginative & free-style developing dominating holds, moving into clever gear oil, toys, C&B and Tit Torture. No hangups. Travel USA. Photo a must. Box 8186 Albany NY 12206

NEW YORK CITY AREA
S&M WANT TO MEET OTHERS into mutual satisfaction. Interest in leather, Lew, Rubber, Jockstraps, Boots, Cock and Ball work. Tit work. Can top or bottom but prefer BOTTOM. Love J/O, W/S, Sucking, Fucking. Box 1383

GREENWICH VILLAGE M 43 5'8" 145 lbs. 5 1/2" Cut, White warm intelligent, level headed bottom seeks imaginative, experienced, caring Macho Leather Lew partner to help me discover and expand my limits. Your service my pleasure. No Fats, Fems or fakes. Sensuality a plus. Box 1392

NEW YORK W/M 35 160 lbs. Novice wishes training as slave. Will consider permanent slavery. Need help Sir to learn to serve and obey without question and accept treatment gratefully. Prefer tall & strict no nonsense Master. Box 1421

TIGHT 501 LEVIS & SCAT
GWM 35, seeks young, 18-30, well built guys who wear tight levis and will give scat 1 service with a super hot rim job. B/L tongue bath, and body worship. Serious only please. Syracuse New York Area. JIM, 3151 522-2222

NEW YORK W/M 5'11" 145 lbs. Wants to meet young Horny Studs who dig wearing and fucking in high boots. Photo appreciated. Write to: P.O. Box 1061 New York NY 10028

HOT & HUMPY
NEW YORK Hot & Humpy? 18-30? Want best head in town? Privacy in East Side pad. Man to Man. No fags. Photo and phone gets action. Box A29 New York NY 10022

TOTAL SLAVES WANTED GREENWICH VILLAGE Experienced S W/m, Taurus, 47, 5'9", 172 lbs. cut shaved head strong Leather Master seeks total from slaves for long, hot session. Must have endurance, crave slow torture, punishment in chains. Medium to heavy S&M B&D, W/S etc. No Scat. If you're a real MAN/slave, white submissive, groveling letter now. No fems, fats, fakes. Box 1859

MUSCULAR TORTURE SLAVE WANTED
NEW YORK Master 35 6'4" Blonde with 6'3" Svc, 31, will train additional attractive muscular torture slave. Send detailed application with photo. Box 673

10 INCH COCK
CHICAGO Black male, 6' 175 lbs. 10 inch Dick into Leather boots, chains, scat, piss. Hot candle wax Vag Fucking. European exp. for weekend trip to New York. Possible relationship. New York replies Only. Box 1530

DISCIPLINE
NEW YORK CITY Tall very handsome muscular, masculine BB, Topman Master W/M, 28, 6'1", 180 lbs. UNCUT. Hot. Requires submissive slaves. You're a girl. All types to 30 for obedience training. B&D domination, degradation, spanking, body worship, servitude. Send respectful letter detailing your description, experience & phone no. Picture preferred. To P.O. Box 53 Kew Gardens Sta. NY 11415

WANTED
NEW YORK CITY Hot young muscular stud (18-35) Topman, with big fat uncult cock and balls. Hung, like a hot. A few guys with a little size of oranges, that are into jocks, levis, Master-slave games. Fucking, ass play, FF, and need good HOT SERV. C&B, super goodlooking W/m 38 5'9" 165 lbs. sh. hard hair blue eyes. Masculine. Send photo. Box 1580

SPANKINGS
NEW YORK CITY Spankings given or received by W/m, 25, Student with strap or paddle. Send descriptive letter and photo if possible. Box 1526

NOVICE
NEW YORK W/M, 36, 180 lbs. novice, wishes training as slave. Will consider permanent slavery. Need help, Sir to learn to serve and obey without question and accept treatment gratefully. Prefer tall and strict no-nonsense master. Box 1421

NORTH CAROLINA
CHARLOTTE Hot, husky well built, 30-45, slave wanted by W/m 5'11", 172 lbs. 41, in good shape, for C&B torture, fucking, ass play (no FF) spanking, whipping, tilt, squeeze. Big chest, arms and firm butt more important than big dick. Interested only in real men. Send photo, Box 2053

GOLDSBORO, NC/1-95 TRAVELERS
And hunky leather and boot wearing dudes notice. Two Leather loving, boot worshipping men, looking for friends and want to help others. Both versatile W/m's, 190 lbs. and 180 lbs., 5'11" and 5'10". Harley riders. Looking for a pet under 30 over 21, to take care of. Phone, photo replies answered first. Traveling soon. Write now Rick & Larry Rt. 2 Box 137 La Grange NC 28551

PHILADELPHIA 27 6'5" 215 lbs seeks obedient slave for ass action boot worship and plenty of cock. Novice ok. but must be willing to expand limits. Submit asse after and photo a must! Box A80

INITIATE ME into the ritual of your fantasy. String me up in bondage, pierce me, flog me, torture me, torture my tits, cock, balls fill my ass, piss in my face, let me suck your sweaty pits and worship your body, your cock balls, tits, ass, feet. I am 6'1" 180 lbs lean with trimmed beard and moustache. Respect my limits while you expand them. Not into scat. Box A72

A SECRET SPOT
YORK A secret spot, a scorching summer sun. You and your buddy. Sinister surly, sturdy strapping, shirtless studs. Me. Staked down and strung up, stripped and stretched spreadeagled. From you, a snicker. From your sidekick a sneer. Serious stuff. Box 1618

"SLAVE SOUGHT"
PHILADELPHIA Good-looking, 30 6'4" 230 lbs. Muscular masculine, S. You are Hunky Hung, M, who needs creative abusive Master to control mind and body. Photo with letter of submiss on wll, be offered to Master's Co. H, Box 3953, Philadelphia, PA 19146

"STRAIGHT RAZOR SHAVING"
PHILADELPHIA AREA Master shave a baby from the top of your head (if possible) down to your nuts and asshole. A respectful request for a possible appointment including SASE and frontal nude will be considered. Box 1553

RHODE ISLAND

OBEDIENT SLAVE

PROVIDENCE American Indian and black male 30 5'8" 180 lbs. Weight lighter muscular body, black leather Master who'll relocate in August, wants a Slave(s) any part of the country. Especially California, any race, under 50 but most important all young guys under 25 who realize they were born slaves and need a Master to show them what a slave is and how to serve and obey his MASTER. If my slave disobeys me in any way, he'll know punishment and torture and what a slave is. If you have no desire to serve a MASTER, don't write. No feds, phones. Photo of you and if you're worthy, will get one of me. Box 1548

SOUTH CAROLINA

SUGGESTIONS, SIR?

28, 6', 170 lbs., Brn/Grm. 5", Inexp but eager to learn. Have fantasies for 1001 nights. Box 1406

M 25, white, 5'10" 145 lbs., into fucking and fist fucking (receive), piss S&M (whipping, tit & ball torture) bondage (spreading, gagging) domination, verbal abuse, leather restraints, boots. Seeks meetings correspondence with aggressive Tops. Masters in USA Europe Canada Africa & Box 288

TENNESSEE

TENNESSEE Long lean bi-sex stud digs other shit-together men who know what they like and have balls enough to ask for it. Am tired of quick sex and bull shit. Dig old fashioned hands-on man to man sex. When two men respect trust, and are comforta-

ble with each other, anything goes. A man should give me what a woman cannot. Man smells, Man tastes, and good deep man sounds. Like it long and slow with an honest buddy who knows he needs his mind and soul fucked more than his body. It's plain good to proudly share what you have with a man worthy of it. Prefer uncut, like me, with low hanging balls. If 41 years, 6', 155 lbs. 7 1/4" greying black hair, beard, moustache sounds good to you, get in touch. Am planning a West Coast trip the summer of 1981.

TEXAS

EL PASO SLAVE(S) required to service military topmen. Should accept shaving, prolonged bondage and moderate discipline. Age unimportant, attitude is. Box 256

SAN ANTONIO Goodlooking experienced Master interested in hearing from slaves in area for training or just plain fun. I'm dominant and slaves always want to come back for more. Take the chance, send letter and photo to Box 33484, San Antonio, TX 78233

HUNG & DOMINANT

8' Top wants hot man-boy with round buns. You Greek passive French active and like it. Me Daddy with good fantasies. 6'3" 180 lbs., big hairy chest that likes to get turned on. Talk dirty and you'll get it in the end. Box 2065

ENEMA MASTERS/SLAVES

Wichita Falls Contact this experienced, 37, 6'4", 140 lbs., medium build enema buff. Like to give and get. Other scenes also. Photo, please. Box 2162, Wichita Falls, TX 76707

EAGER TO LEARN

HOUSTON AREA W/M, 32, 5'9", 150 lbs., willing to do anything for someone who will teach and train. Like moustaches, trimmed beards, hairy ches's and legs. Box 386

AUSTIN W/M, 38, 5'9", 145 lbs., bearded, into cut/uncut, light S&M L/L, jockstraps, gym shorts, FF, ball fucking, dildoes, total ass involvement. Will try uniforms, W/S. B&D slave role. No feds, fems, scat blood, torture, or marks. Can be Top, bottom, mutual. Photo, phone gets immediate reply. Box 751

DALLAS 41 and out for kinky fun. Top guy 5'8", 130 lbs, nice looking. No scat, no feds, but lots of c/b, tit and ass play, spankings, bondage and W/S. Enclose photo. 18 to 45, white only. Box 987

HUNKY ORIENTAL 27 seeks a slave or Master into piercing, bondage, shaving, ball play and more. Must be muscular and hairy. Send photo. Box 864

FT WORTH SM, 47, 6'2", 195 lbs. 7 uncult, German, Aquarius, is looking for slave. Should be knowledgeable, clean not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots, and leather. Not into FF, scat, W/S. Box 987

GRAHAM 28, 5'9", 140 lbs., bottom needs playmate(s) or pen pal(s). Interests: W/S, FF, C/B, B/D, and Toys. One good picture deserves another. Box 1440

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

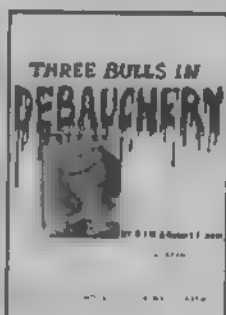
DALLAS SUBMISSIVE Hot thirsty guy seeks men into pass J.O. sp! verba abuse and dirty fantasies. Enclose phone number. Box 376

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Penis enlargement is now possible with our new TRANSVERSE VACUUM ENLARGER — a precision instrument easy to operate, extremely durable and scientifically designed to make the male organ LONGER and THICKER. Also helps control premature ejaculation. See results the first time you use your enlarger. See how really BIG how FAT how LONG how HARD and STIFF your own penis can get. And it feels so good to use!

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BEEVILLE Good top looking for good bottom. Masculine S. W/M 36, 5'10", 150 lbs. bearded, hairy, muscular. Be my weekend slave. I enjoy remote weekend camping trips. I have 4-wheel drive & boat. You must be 18-40, submissive, slender. Let's find out what turns your lights on. Box 1317

Need a rough and raunchy dude to make me work chain gang fantasy. Force hard labor. Rough treatment, dirt, strict discipline. Like to hear real experiences of work gangs etc. Details and photo gets mine. Can travel. Box 1314

DALLAS W/M, 5'11", 165 lb., 8" cock mid 40s. Seeking dudes into mutual give and take working over cock. Tits, balls, asshole, with Leather, chains, jocks. Need hot cowboys and truckers. No feds, feds. Eager to explore. Box 1374

HOUSTON, EAGER PUPIL OF S&M B/D W/S, leather body shaving. Am 5'7", 140 lbs. 42. Seeks firm, gentle, knowledgeable Teachers and Masters. Small endowment but large desire and capacity to earn, service pleasure and obedience. Box 1396

UTAH

2 HOT LEATHER BOTTOMS
SALT LAKE CITY Two hot Leather Lewis bottoms, mid 40s, S&M novice, need careful. S&M instruction by hot Top any age who is experienced and creative teacher. Use bottoms for hard fucking W/S FF. Rimming. Enemas. Any intense long lasting scene, except heavy pain, drugs, scat. Box 1810

VIRGINIA

MY FANTASY

ARLINGTON best sexy heat of the night as the girl. As my real lips the hot sexy red figure can be seen in the distance. Lips thrust forward his thumb is extended. Then notice he is completely nude. Could this be you? Box 1801

VIRGINIA MASTER

MASTER 3, 6, 115, seeks partner into weekend B&D S&M sessions. Limits respected. Confidentiality expected and assured. Apply with photo. Those with phone answered. Travel East Coast often. Box 1802

MAKE ME BEG FOR IT

NORTHERN VIRGINIA Young cock sucker needs verbal abuse from young hung man. Tease me, make me beg for it. Box 1851

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE B&D No S&M into chaps, speedo jocks, harness. Need work out partner for weight lifting. White, 50, 180 lbs. looking for similar. Box 661

SEATTLE SLAVES

Applications only being accepted for slave trainees. Only those interested in totally pleasing Master by any means will be considered. Submit humble request with descriptive photograph to: Sir Box 553, Seattle, WA 98111

DIRTY LITTLE BUTCH PIG

Loves to be chased through woods while nude and blindfolded. Send me your worst fantasy and you'll get mine. Photo a must. Box 20043, Seattle, WA 98102

GOOD LOOKING WHITE

BEGINNER

SEATTLE 6, 145 lbs. 29 m, looking for Trainer. Like Bikers, Leathermen and Loggers. Big Boots and lotsa eather a plus. Willing to try anything once. Age and looks not important but prefer big and hairy. Your photo gets mine. All letters answered. Box 1544

RASSLIN'

6'2" 188 lbs. cock in for some am etc. comp. in Seattle. College grad pro, submission, no holds barred. I'll take ya on. Only serious, sweaty jocks need reply. Let's go a few rounds and get down. Box 815

SEATTLE AREA FF Top or Bottom looking for good times. Have a sweet ass that's been trained by the best. Enjoy men, not boys, into uniforms, sports (if you know what I mean). Am hot for Truckers, cowboys and Leathermen. Am 5'11" 165 lbs. With 9" of hot hard meat. Box 1442

HUNG STUO

SEATTLE 23, STUD MUSCULAR, HUNG into Water Sports. Send Photo to Box 1429

WANTED

SEATTLE Love slave wanted, should not have limits, however pain will be a very minor element. Prefer young slim, white, I am W/M, 31, 170 lbs. 6'3" Box 1345

CIGAR SMOKERS

Hot muscular leather man 32, who smokes and gets turned on to cigars. Wants contact with men of same interest. Will be starting an organization for cigar smokers soon. Box 20604, Seattle, WA 98102

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

LEATHER GROUP TO TRAIN

MILWAUKEE Leather group to train or turn hot young punk into slave. Captured, Manhandled, felt up. Wrestled, forced to submit to your cock's need. Need tight buns, lips lucked by gang bang rape. Eager to learn but respect my limits. No FF. B&D. Scat. Piss. I'm 32, 150 lbs. 6' Send letter of what you'd like to do with me with photo. Prefer 40 to 60 year olds. Will answer all letters. Box 1816

MILWAUKEE W/M 28, 6'1", 170 lbs. 10", seeking Master, Lower relationship with W/m, 18-29 yrs. Must be patient and understanding as I am new to this scene. Will answer all with frank letter. State your demands and send with photo to Box 973

MILWAUKEE M, 5'9", 145 lbs. white, hairy chest, novice, needs instruction in B&D W/S S&M, etc. from Master who will show me my limits and respect them and teach me my role. No heavy drugs, feds, feds, scat. Photo greatly appreciated. Box 1802

VOYEUR

With camera seeks exhibit onist or men with interest in being in home made porn. Box 2093

WYOMING

LOOKING FOR

MACHO PARTNER

With 9" to 12" who wants to retire to the country. Spend a week or a lifetime riding, fishing, camping and screwing. Will take care of all needs. Send photo and frank letter to Box A43

NATIONWIDE

6'5" tall, 185 lbs., trim, goodlooking W/m, 40, submissive enjoys hot J/O correspondence, tapes, photos, jock straps, c/r. Possible meeting and travel. All scenes considered. Great desire to please the right man. Box 2099

Asians, Hispanics nationwide (415) 431 0458

SILICONE

Young, well hung, goodlooking, uncult man wants to meet the doctor. Motive: Self gratification. Absolute discretion assured. References if necessary. Can travel. Box 2005. Others with experience invited to correspond. Meet

W/m 20 will trade scal photos, out-house, strins, public toilet etc. No 230 495 Ellis, San Francisco, CA 94102

CANADA

ALWAYS EAGER TO LEARN

MONTREAL 5'10" 175 lbs. can perform as either Master or slave, semi expertly and still as a ways learning about both roles into all forms of Leather and kinky activities. Love raunchy filthy scenes. Always eager to learn more and willing to participate in anything. Anyone needing a place to stay in Montreal are welcome also. Write now and all answered, photo appreciated but not a necessity. Box 1438

AUSTRALIAN BIKER

Visiting Seattle Vancouver Toronto Detroit Denver areas in October 82. W/m, 40, 5'8", into uniforms leather boots wants raunchy, wild action. S&M B&D. WS. Prefer private fully equipped playroom or dungeon. Alan Johnson, 17 Walter St. Bondi Junction, Sydney NSW 2022 Australia

W/m, 35, 5'10" 160 lbs. blond slim built, into Msd S&M B&D. Small to meet with 18-25 yr olds, smut or medium builds, living in London Ontario area. Phone and photo answer. Pate P.O. Box 1962 St. A, London Ontario, CANADA N6A 5J4

VANCOUVER ARTIST 34, Seeks hunky men 18-35 to submit to creatively posed photo sessions in exchange for photos & or Possible pay. Send Photo & Particulars to Jim, Box 1387

PIG WANTED

This pig is 38, W/m, bearded hairy well hung into: Leather rubber B&D C&B T, and other raunchy piggery. Looking for similar pig who is an "M" and thrives on debauchery in my well equipped pig pen. Respect limits and will pinch hit for the night pig. Into long, kinky, body sensuous, mind blowing organic scenes. You will be tortured by needing to play with your best friend between your legs, but immobilization just makes you oink for more. Find yourself entangled in a web of Japanese bondage. Enjoy the pleasure of my well educated, black leathered hand. If you can meet the challenge of piggery send pic and your qualification to: De LePort, P.O. Box 5128, Vancouver, B.C. CANADA V6S 4A9

SHAVEE, SHAVED SLAVE

Non profit club. Particulars (604) 921-7721

I like a man who enjoys his work. One who smokes as he trusses me up with tubing, wires, hole stuffers and the like. He whistles when test ng weights on my tit rings. Hums as the funds pass in and out of the butt plug. And winks at me, all strung up, encased from head to foot, knowing that maybe later he's going to get it too! W/m, 5'8" 160 lbs. 7" cut. Need, s&M mors? Box 1577

MONTREAL Oral slave 48, white 5'9" 165 lbs., gives complete mouth and tongue service to macho under 35. Also into worshipping W/S face sitting, feet V.A., humiliation, punishments, exposure. Robert. Box 974

TORONTO M, Pisces, 5'10" 155 lbs. 40, blue eyes, uncult wishes to meet dominant S, 25-55 who is versat e respectful of limits, sense of humor. M has moderate experience, versatile, and into leather, toys boots. Greek s/p, WS. bondage discipline. Have some experience as S. No feds, feds, drugs, scat. Box 818

SLAVE REQUIRED

Put your body and mind in my experienced hands and I will make all the decisions regarding both for your period of servitude. I insist on complete surrender in bondage to my will. You will provide me with humble service and I will give you the respect that service deserves. Learn what true freedom is by losing it to me for our mutual satisfaction. All applications will be considered on the basis of information supplied in first letter. Master is 5'9", 35, 140 lbs. Bearded and short hair. Box 1281

BOOT LOVER

Would like to hear from men with big well worn dirty boots. Also men with dirty levis socks, jockstraps and leather, jockstraps. Very thirsty for HOT G.O.DEN PISS. Also need a HUGE FST for rear pleasure. All answered. Box 1461

EXPERIENCED MASTER WANTED MONTREAL, White 5'5" 135 lbs, 30 looking for experienced Master for full play ball work, torture. Can Travel. Box 1486

MAIL ORDER

MAIL ORDER NOTICE

The California law now read that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal in all advertising the address at which the business is being conducted. To advertisers, this address must be included in all ad copy. To readers, the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad (in parentheses) is the address required by state law. Most firms will still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

ENEMA EQUIPMENT

Fun, Funky Enema Equipment for practice clean mass, pleasure or discipline. Other Asa-oriented toys also. Catalog \$2. Art Hamilton, 315 West 4th Street New York, NY 10014

TOYS TOYS TOYS TOYS

Dildoes, vibrators, butt plugs. The Hunter has it all. Send \$2 (refundable) for catalogue 18 or older, signature required.

THE HUNTER

Dept DR, Box 31827, San Francisco, CA 94131 (955 Ashbury)

NEW SUPER STRENGTH

"LIQUID AROMA"

On y 64 each or 3 for \$14 M.E.N. 426
Arkansas, Suite 2 San Francisco CA
94107

LEATHER POLICE UNIFORMS MOTORCYCLE

Very hot buxer gets it on with lots of
leather on video, 1 hour, \$59.00. Beta
or VHS BR Productions, Box 765,
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Normandie)

\$3.00 gets catalogue of the finest in
original—live audio cassette tapes
and unbelievable photos. We have
exactly what you want in spanking
S&M prison, cops, B&D, hustlers,
gang rapes and more. East Coast
Tapes Box 3372, Prov RI 02909

KINGS MEN LTD., 1981 Bondage
Catalog Fully illustrated over 40
pages Just \$5.00 Box 304, Cam-
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200 DIFFERENT

SWIMMERS OR WRESTLERS

Photos (3x4" to 5x8" close-ups) of
200 different young college
swimmers or 200 different young col-
lege wrestlers (70% wrestling pho-
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Class) and handling. SPECIAL
OFFER Both sets for only \$18! Order
today! Satisfaction guaranteed or
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EROTIC NOTE CARDS

Sample card env. & brochures \$1.00
State over 21 HS & G Dept DR
P.O. Box 50160, Washington DC
20004 (930 F St NW Suite 300 DC
20004)

BLACK D C K & ASSI#

Outrageous photo of the nude black
male. For brochures send addressed
envelope to: Sonny Wilder, POB
3222 Dept 6, Rubidoux CA 92519
State over 21

Buy/Sell new & used, jackets, pants,
boots, chaps vests etc. Write Larsen
Leathers, Rt No. 1, Christianburg
VA 24073

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America's most exclusive personal
ad publication for Gay Men. 30-word
ad and free copy of quarterly for \$10.
Send us your ad, or send \$8 for a
copy of the current issue mailed First
Class. Courier Enterprises, 1822 N
Fuller Ave., Hollywood, CA 90046

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Best off using super sleazy jerk-off
technique that feels just like a real
blow job. Guaranteed \$2.00 (cash)
and SASE Reynolds, Box 3456-R
Hollywood, CA 90028

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COMFORTABLE Sexy, seamless T-
Shirt. You've pumped it up, now
show it off. 100% Cotton. Colors
White, Black, and Yellow in small,
medium, large and bodybuilders
sizes. \$10 plus \$2 postage and hand-
ling. 2 for \$16. Calif residents add
6% sales tax. SEND YOUR CHECK
OR MONEY ORDER TO ROBERT
VAN C. LEEF, 8033 SUNSET BLVD.
#149, LOS ANGELES, CA 90046
Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery

TRAVEL SLING strong, lit wt. can-
vas w/leg straps, w/this you can take
it with you and play for hours. com-
fort. Send \$58 to: Taylor of S.F. 1225
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Charge cards welcome

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Body builder. Have muscular buns
with dimples. Send \$5 for my private
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ing my modeling session. Can travel!
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One dozen assorted cards from two
super erotic series, GENITALS and
BOUND HANDS, plus sturdy mailing
envelopes, for \$8 (postpaid) Cards
are 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches and printed on fine
quality art stock. Limited quantities.
Musgrave, 25 Glendale, SF, CA
94114

RECEIVE DIFFERENT PERSONALIZED SLID

Receive different personalized slid
letter each month with you as an
active participant. Wrestling Box
Fight etc. State over 21 \$25/yr. Sample
\$4. Dave's Computer Service,
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dale, CA 91205

QUAINTANCE PAINTINGS PRE-

SERVED on 24 brilliant color slides.
Complete set only \$25 P.O. RA West
4494 Treat Box 21377 Concord, CA
9452

S/M, B/D, W/S, FETISHES

Classified ad mag with hot drawings
and stories. Send \$2.50 and over 21
statement to: SMADS, Suite 1112
Box 88973, Houston, TX 77006

If you would like to pick up the phone
and have a hot young dude entertain
you, get a copy of my SPECIAL BUL-
LETTIN. Describes over 250 male
models and male escort services in
34 cities. Many are Colt, Blueboy
Target models who will be glad to
pose for you for a fee. Phone
numbers given for every listing. List
updated monthly. For your copy
send \$5 to Sam Harrison, 741 North
Myers, Burbank, CA 91506

STRAIT JACKETS

Leather cuffs and other institutional
restraints. For illustrated price list
send \$2.00 plus a SASE to JuRonCo
3211 W. Robinson, Peoria, IL 61604

EAT CHRISTIANS

The button that says it all, to the Moral
Majority! Lavender type on white
background, deluxe pin-clip back.
\$1 each postpaid P.K., Box 14551
SF, CA 94144

GAY LESBIAN LITERATURE
CATALOGUE 60 PP ANNOTATED
FICTION, BIOGRAPHY, POLITICS,
CLASSICS, SELF-HELP, ETC
\$1.50 to: A DIFFERENT LIGHT,
BOX DR 4014, SANTA MONICA
BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CA 90029

FOREIGN MAIL

When answering foreign ads with
box numbers, remember to include
the correct amount of overseas air-
mail postage. Current rates are 40¢
per 1/2 ounce. Letters without correct
postage will be destroyed.

AUSTRALIA

SYDNEY Australian guy, 42, 5'10",
140 lbs. 8" cut, pierced tits, leather
jockstraps, boots WS B&D C&BATT
either way. Wants to expand limits
and experience. Meetings in Sydney
or correspond world wide. Overseas
Master's orders by post gratefully
received, executed and results
reported Box 2057

SOUTH AUSTRALIA M, 46, 180 lbs
7 1/2" uncult. extremely obedient May
serve you? Box 720

**MASTER (German) & SLAVE (Eng-
lish)** will be in SF/NY June-July of
82 (S—38, 6', 154 lbs., M—39, 6'3",
165 lbs.) Seek leathermen separately
or together interested in boots, chaps
or forms, breeches, jocks, chaps for
S&M class. B&D hot scenes. Masters
please write and slaves apply with
photo. Box 1847

MELBOURNE White submissive
adventurous bottom. 43, 6'3", 190
lbs., 7" cut, seeks kinky times with
raunchy, macho topmen in Lewis
leather jockstraps for Bondage, WS
Tit. Ass and C&B play. Am willing to
experiment and expand however my
limits must be respected. Box 268

BELGIUM

GENTELEMEN OVER 50

Wanted by goodlooking, masculine
Belgium male, 32, 6', 160 lbs., trim
hairy body uninhibited. Hot and well-
hung. I want to go back to college in
the US and build a permanent loving
relationship with a warm, caring
fatherly professional older man who
can be both dominant and submis-
sive. Wrestling, spanking, tit work
mild B&D WS humiliation, etc. are
okay. No S&M. Any area. Only
serious detailed letters with photo
answered. Box 427, 1000 Brussels,
Belgium

ENGLAND

WELL HUNG

TOPMAN WANTED

LONDON 28, 6'1", 168 lbs. wants his
arse and mouth fucked by well hung
hunky anyone or group. S&M and
bondage topmen. If you are under 55
goodlooking, well built and can
satisfy me, write in detail with photo
to Box 1507

FILTH-LOVING SLAVE

39, 5'9", 140 lbs., looking for Master
to make him grovel in oil, grease,
mud, filth, etc. in chains. Box A95

LONDON M 40 5'9", 150 lbs., 5 1/2
uncut into W/S leather rubber
combat gear seeks dominant to 45,
strict but respectful of limits. Box
39894

LONDON BEGINNER

W/m, 32, 6', 185 lbs. looking for
partner in leather or denim. Willing to
try almost anything. Box 716

LONDON Leather guy, 32, 170 lbs.
w/e, very active, strictly top
Wants to meet groovy, muscular
slaves who know how to serve a real
master. Am into most scenes. Enjoy
man-to-man action with guys who
are 100% male and proud of it. Write
on your knees. Send a photo and I
will send mine. If you are a real slave
I can guarantee you the real thing.
Letters with photo answered first.
Box 6658

MIDDLESEX 37, 5'10", 145 lbs., 7"
cut. medium build, short hair. mascu-
line, seeks same, over 30, imaginat-
ive, into leather, uniforms or levis
hung. Am into good S&M bondage
listing, whipping, dildoes. Box 383

OXFORD Knowledgeable M, 37,
5'10", 160 lbs., into leather rubber
denim. Has good tongue ready to
please a master. Box 723

LONDON & YORKSHIRE S, 5'9",
50 lbs., would like to meet visi-
tors to Britain. Very experienced
master. Box 557

SM 45, 5'11", 6" cut, imaginative,
wide range of interests. willingness
Box 359

LONDON W/m, 40, 5'10", 145 lbs., 7"
cut, very short hair, hunts heavy S&M
leather guys into whipping, beating,
fisting, fucking and everything else,
having full gear to match mine. No
time wasters. In London, phone Peter
101 805-4735

ROPE BONDAGE

LONDON 28, W/m, 6', 165 bs., slave
will serve well built, masculine guy(s)
into rope bondage S&M etc.
Raunchy sex. I can serve 2 or more.
Masters who know what they want.
Photos get quick reply. Box 1507

BOOT HUNGRY

LONDON Piss thirsty dude offers his
body for your use and abuse. Train
me as your obedient Dog Slave 30,
5'11", 154 lbs., visits USA twice a
year. Needs Leather Master. Uni-
formed Officer, Construction
Worker, Truckee, Cowboy. Photo
appreciated. Box 1517

LONDON S/W, 42, 6'6", 180 lbs., 8",
play room with sling, into ass play,
FF, tit, fantasies, nipple rings in both
tits, tattoos on arms, chest and a
flaming ass tattoo. Play both ways.
W/b in San Francisco in October &
November 82, looking for hot men.
Chris Brown, 8 Normanhurst Dr.,
Twickenham, Middlesex Eng and

WANT CALIFORNIA SLAVES

LONDON MASTER 31 6'2", 160 lbs.
Beaudevoir, g. Seeking Hot southern
California slaves during vacation.
Vibe: 18-40, smooth skinned, with
hungry asshole, into Flat Fucking,
C&B Torture, TT, W/S and being
Whipped. Those offering overnight
accommodations can reply on same
in London. Box 1496

GERMANY

LUXEMBOURG Novice needs train-
ing. W/m, 33, 183 cm, 75 kg. prefers
beards, moustaches, country life.
Box 629

MILITARY JAIL TROOPER

WEST GERMANY German top, mi-
litary jail/trooper 40s, 178 cm, 78 kg.
well built, trim body. An ultra mascu-
line dynamic experienced stud likes
to give it and get it in the end. Have
large toys and know how to use them.
Will dominate you. What hardcore
should be? Very skilled as FF top
and taking deep as FF wide receiver.
My big bull balls crave heavy duty
scenes. Are you man enough to try?
Let's get it on in my well equipped
play room. Write to: Jail/Walter
Postfach 880114, D-5000 Cologne
86, West Germany

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BERLIN GERMAN MAN, 34, warm
hearted goodlooking, traveling USA
soon, seeks buddies into refined
prolonged, artful bare bottom dis-
cipline, spanking, paddlings, birching,
etc., either role. No brutalities.
Father Son fantasies. Mutual
ecstasy, love, understanding. cudi-
ng I am slim (130 lbs.) You don't
have to be. Write soon to: B. Len-
mann, Methendamm 60, 1000 Berlin
81, West Germany

COLOGNE SM, 45, 6', white, 7"
uncut, into either role experienced
and convincing, masculine slender
and muscular tends towards S role.
Interested in meeting men into more
than sex. Should be intelligent, mas-
culine, wear leather naturally.
Should be my age or younger, no
fats, or feds. Travel to U.S. occasi-
onally. Box 112

COLOGNE 36, 78 cm, 64 kg, uncultured hairy leather guy and biker seeks 18-35 for leather sex and piss Box 1285

GERMAN MASTER 29, 54" 7, uncultured into leather and boots. S&M heavy Tit work and piss action, FF boot-wood needs bearded slaves and masters to contact with. Travelers welcome. Hennig Grote Humboldtstr 7 D-3300 Braunschweig West Germany

GERMANY who devoted boot slave wants contact and correspondence with macho muscular high-booted Back master or motorcycle cops and other unformed studs for licking and sucking service Box A63

COLOGNE 36, 78 cm, 64 kg, uncultured hairy leather guy and biker seeks 18-35 for Leather Sex Piss Sex Write Box 1285

WEST GERMANY, FRANKFURT, Two LEATHER guys Black & White, 27 wants to meet Hot Leather Studs to 45. Prefer UNCUT and versatile. Be our guest for Hot Kinky Times Letters with photo answered first Box 1480

WEST GERMANY Slave 32 6'2" 170 lbs., Blond Moustache Blue eyes, coming several times a year to the States. Interested in meeting Masters, my age or older Into Water Sports, Rimming Fr a/p. I'm Greek passive, getting spanked I'm 7 uncultured Box 1686

ITALY

ACTIVE SLAVE

Italian, 38, real sportsman brown hair green eyes muscular macho type desires to service muscular

master I'm into heavy training who's FF C&B and torture Like to receive verbal abuse Prefer body builder but many interested in right psychological approach Travel in USA Hospitality in Milan Answer with photo Box 2020

NEW ZEALAND

BUTCH BODYBUILDER FROM NEW ZEALAND

LEAN STRONG HUNGRY ROUGH TOP OR BOTTOM 45, Smooth skinned, Visiting Hawaii, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Wilfrid anything Keen to explore my limits & yours Dungeons, spreadeagling, Titts camps and torture, whip and whatever else? Box 1463

YOUNG SCOTSMAN 25, M 6'1" 175 lbs, 5'8" handsome muscular athletic needs to be dominated and trained by another similar stud (leather, cow, cowboy etc) Write for future contact Photo please Box A74

MALMÖ 41 6'1" 70 kg 7 1/2" uncultured hard and demanding top seeks slaves who want to be completely controlled No games the real thing only No fags, fags, limitations Box 477

STOCKHOLM BEGINNER Wants muscular trainer Am 23, 5'10, blond, 200 lbs 8" uncultured Box 556

SWITZERLAND

GENEVA ARE YOU A HOT TOP or better a MASTER? Then you are invited to my hospital and my service I am 39 tall slim bearded hairy and happy to serve well I'm

also looking for a Total OWNER anywhere in the world TEL 3191 76 Name Chris or write Box 1473

Young goodlooking Swiss gay man 29, would like to meet and correspond with handsome muscular bodybuilder Will be visiting Chicago, NYC, L.A. San Francisco during July and August 1982 Who will be my guide? Many interests Write with photo. Like em big and brawny Box B35

COMING TO FLORIDA?

ORLANDO DISNEY-STAY at my house and save on motel fees. I'm W/m, 33, Top Bring your Master/Slave Box 1603

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Signal Your Commitment to the future growth of the Los Angeles Gay & Lesbian Community Services Center by becoming a member of FRIENDS OF THE CENTER For Membership information call (213) 464-7400 Ext 251 or Write Friends of the Center Box 38777, Hollywood, CA 90038 Don't today it's important

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Chicago, 1000 Sq Ft of fully equipped playroom for private sessions or small groups. Models available OPTIONALLY (312) 525-3341

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THOUSANDS OF HOT GUYS A thousand Hot guys can't be wrong

For info Write Box 410, 132 W 24th Street, New York City, NY 10011

MAVERICKS are not branded! Not part of the herd UNCUT men are invited to write P.O. Box 14098 San Francisco CA 94114 For further info send a self-stamped & addressed envelope and \$1 for Application & Questionnaire Pull your skin today and get it out! Must sign and state you're 21 or over Newsletter is much sought after and is limited. Maverick All else Not for the timid of mind

THE TOILET

\$1 flushes an application \$3 flushes a Tissue Sample \$10 flushes a Full Box with or without your own listing Write Toilet, 433 Douglas St San Francisco, CA 94114

Cigar studs is for men who smoke and get turned on by cigars. Write POB 20604, Seattle, WA 98102

RAINMAKERS

THE W/S Club for men who like it WET Send Name, Age to RM Box 253-D New York NY 10266

FOOT FRATERNITY

A fraternity for men who dig bare feet boots shoes socks, sneakers leather levis and other clothing who wish to contact others with the same interests For information write Foot Fraternity Box 3385 San Francisco CA 94119

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West Hollywood, CA 90069
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DOON MASTER OF LEATHER
shown in *Drummer Rides Again* offers professional services, less starting at \$75.00 per session. Very handsome blond, hairy chested & 165 lbs of men. Experienced. mag native. Best equipped mirrored playroom including sling, stockade suspension & more. Bondage, W/S FF C&B Torture, Wax Shaving, Oil does. Butt plugs, Tit work, spank paddle, flag, electricity. Fetish & Fantasies. Super light to super heavy. Private discreet. Novices welcome. Limits respected and hopefully expanded. Call Master Don (415) 584-9341. Honest Safe Trustworthy

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I'm your 200 lb muscle freak who digs other shit-together men that know what they like & have the balls to get it. Your rugged, handsome bearded stud stands 6'1" and has a solid body of sweaty & smelly skin that is just waiting to be worked down by you. Learn what true freedom is by losing it to him. Devour his piss-soaked jock, eat richly on his toes, am greedily swallow his cum pass or sweat pits, but skip the bullshit. All animals to devour and explore & worship my boots, long prolonged rod action, to my extremes. Tuned into the head & body of your master & he'll explore all to a mutually satisfying scene with discretion assured in calls only. So call me. Sir Tim, 7 days/wk. 24 hours a day (415) 664-3032

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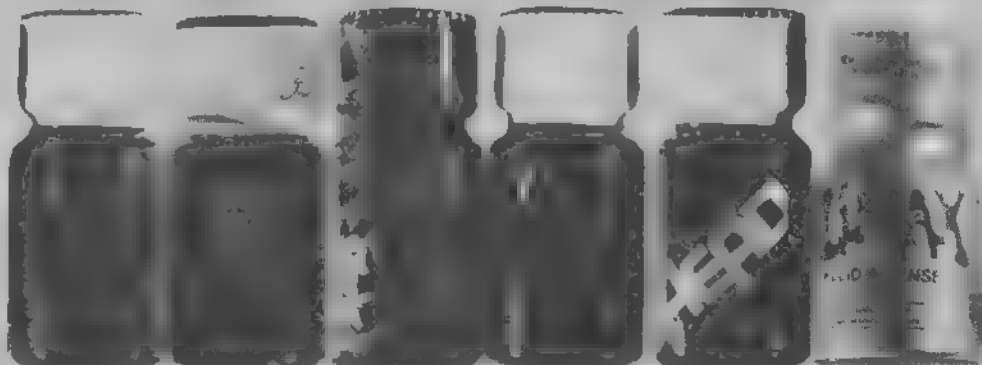
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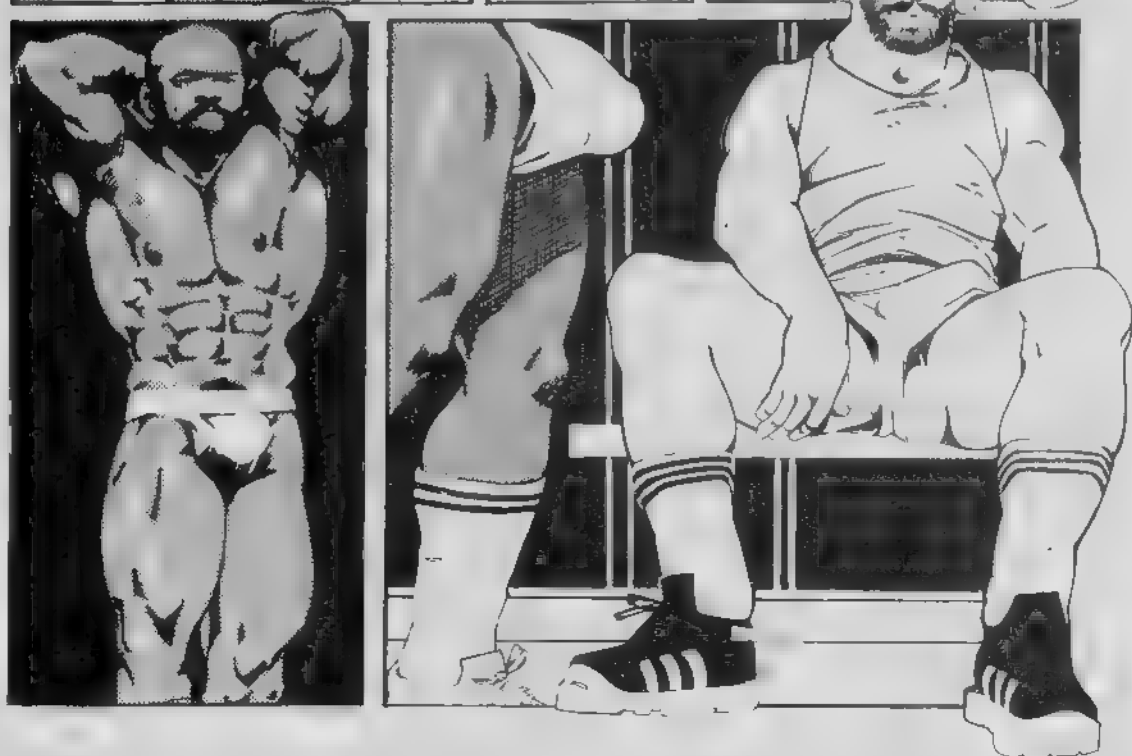
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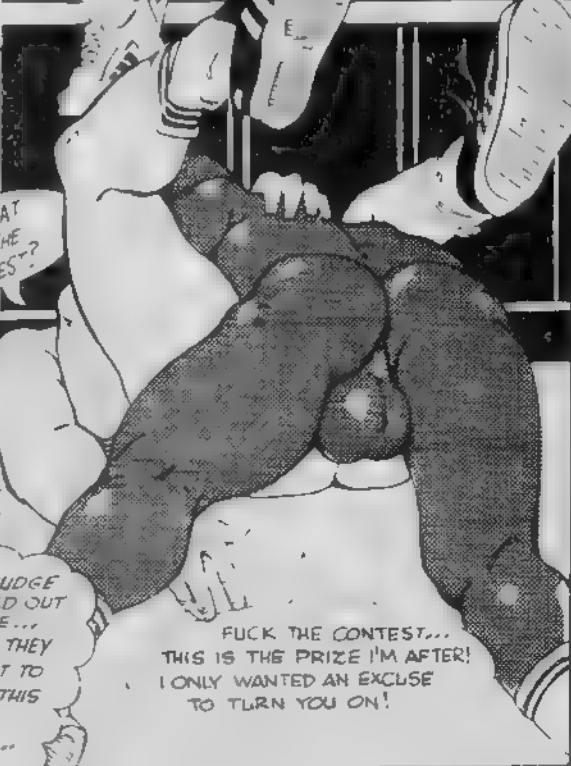
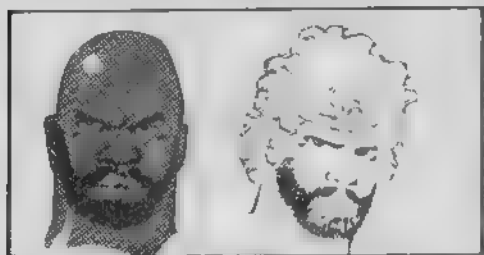
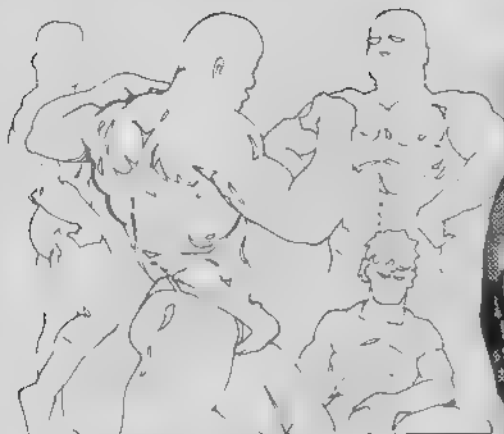
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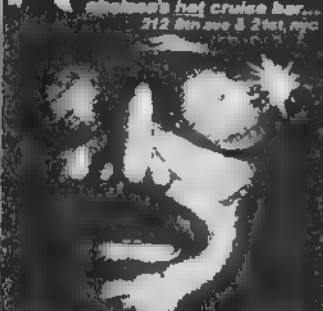
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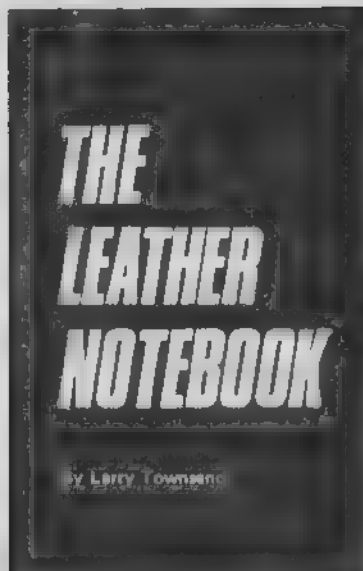
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Dear Larry,

It's been almost two years since I moved to Southern California, and all during this time I have been searching for the leather scene which you describe in your Leatherman's Handbook. I haven't been able to find it. In fact, at the risk of sounding disrespectful of the Master's voice, I would be inclined to say it doesn't exist. I have been to San Francisco, as well, and although I have found a lot of raunch and drugs and fist-fucking, I still have not found this idyllic scene that you led me to believe I could find. I admit I'm not the most attractive guy in the world, and I'm in my forties, but I wonder if this should exclude me from the euphoric joys you describe.

Ted
Los Angeles

Dear Ted,

The real leather scene, wherever it may exist (and it exists in a number of places) is never on display in shop windows, or even in the back rooms of the bars and baths. You have to find it on a one-to-one basis, or at least in your own individual way, with the person or persons with whom you intend to make it. The initial contacts are difficult to make, but one will usually lead to others. I will have to admit, however, that the scene has changed considerably during the (almost) 12 years since I wrote the HB. There are many more guys in leather, now, and not all of them are into SM by a long shot. The popularity of the FF scene has greatly increased, as has the more sophisticated (which is not to say the wiser) use of drugs. I have just signed a contract to write the *Leatherman's Handbook II*, and I'll try to bring it all up to date for your future reference. The new book should be released by the end of 1982 or early '83.

Dear Larry,

I have been reading about the "gay virus" and how it gets turned into cancer by the use of amyl. I don't understand how this can happen. To me, it sounds a little like the old wives' tale about giving your dog worms by feeding him candy. I know a lot of people who use amyl, and none of them have had any serious health problems, and this has been going on for years (the use of amyl, I mean). Do you have any reliable information?

Alex
Iowa

Dear Alex,

In areas such as yours, I would not expect either the use of amyl or the incidents of the virus-affiliated illness to be as prevalent as it is in the big centers of activity (NYC, SF, LA, etc.) We are beginning to see only the early results of research into the problem, and there is probably as much misinformation flying about as anything else. My own perception of the evidence I have seen is that the very heavy use of amyl (such as kids sniffing it all evening in the disco) tends to suppress the normal immune systems in the body. This renders the user more susceptible to an infection which his body would otherwise have nipped in the bud. Of course, he has to be exposed to the virus in order to succumb to it. I think that the researchers still have a lot of work to do, both in this field which relates directly to us, and to research in the field of cancer in general, before a completely definitive answer is available. My own feeling is that you're asking for it if you make heavy and consistent use of amyl (or butyl), combined with a rigorous sex life in the baths and/or sex clubs (or make it regularly with other people who frequent these places). A friend of mine died of this cancer over the holiday season, so I don't take it lightly. I am also looking forward to seeing more information available in the near future, and will certainly pass it on as I receive it.

Dear Larry,

In reading your recent (last 3-4 years) publications, and those of Drummer, etc. I seem to perceive a trend away from the type of story I most enjoy, namely, the accounts of involuntary sexual imprisonment and abuse. Instead, most of the stories I read deal with guys going into another man's playroom and getting exactly what he went there to get. After reading a few of these, one reaches a point of saturation and begins to find them dull, repetitive, and lacking in imagination. Is there some reason for this? I don't think I'm missing very much, I seem to be on everybody's mailing list.

Fred
New Jersey

Dear Fred,

I don't think you are seeing so much a trend as you are a happenstance in the current market. As for my own writing, I have not done much in the past two or

three years, because I have been busy editing and publishing. However, Drummer recently did my novelette *The Hounds of Hell* (Drummer Marches On), and that certainly had a lot of involuntary sexual abuse in it. I'd also refer you to *DungeonMaster*, the Chicago "SM Newsletter." Part of the problem from your standpoint, is that there are a number of other publications around which are trying to exploit the SM market and don't really know how to do it. If you're reading them, as well, you can be forgiven for thinking you perceive a trend that really does not exist.

Dear Larry,

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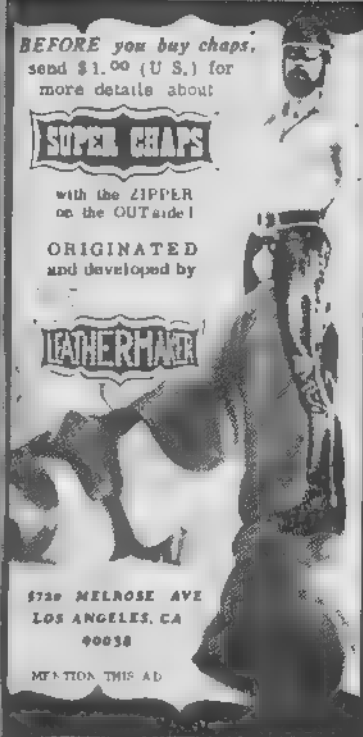
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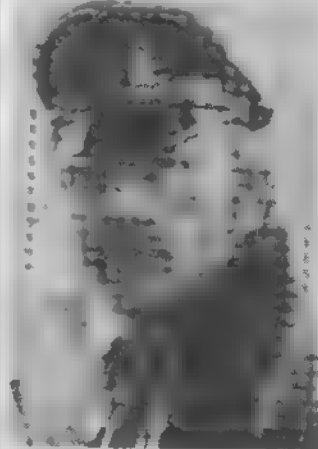
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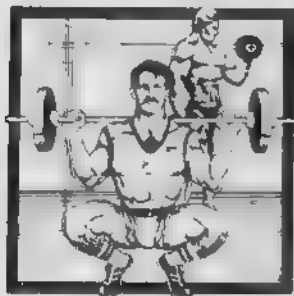
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DRUMMER'S BOOKS

WOMEN & S/M

Tough top, hot leather, shit or no shit: S/M dykes aren't getting into the act... they've been there all along. They're a thrice-minoritized group — by society as homosexuals, by homosexuals as women, by women as practitioners of sadomasochistic sex. Up to now, they've had to fight back on so many diverse fronts there hasn't been much energy left over for collective action to consolidate identity, security, and pride, but one group has managed to build on strong foundations. SAMOIS, self-defined as a lesbian/feminist S/M organization, has put together a book, *Coming to Power*, (edited by members of SAMOIS, San Francisco; 1981; 240 pp; \$6.95) that effectively anthologizes a wide variety of experiences, in styles from academic to pornographic, in short pieces of fact, fiction, humor and fantasy with a small selection of graphics scattered throughout.

Coming to Power is aptly titled in that each piece is a variation on explorations of power, in its wielding and in its willful abdication. The defections from gay male or straight S/M are few but striking. For one thing, the triple oppression has resulted in a positive awareness of politics and a strong distinction is made between social and sexual masochism. Social masochism (submitting to the Tyranny of the Majority) is abhorrent, as is violence and pain for their own destructive sakes, as are the dishonesty and hypocrisy of conventional sex rules and games. There is also a strong sense of conscious liberation from the sexism, classism and racism largely inherent in their male (and radical feminist) counterparts.

Up front down below and back behind, the various predilections of over 30 writers for bondage, discipline—yea, unto water sports and fist fucking are expressed consistently in terms of finding and maintaining a balance of power. As Pat Califia's "Jessie" puts it in an unashamedly erotic and slick-written episode, "I can't top somebody full time... kicking ass is hard work." As well as a high frequency of role reversal, the word "trust" turns up about as often as the word "spank," most often in conjunction with a mutual sense of satisfaction. Susan Farr's essay on Discipline contains a clear exposition of the perceived dangers and degradations of the Eternally Faithful Pair. Sophie's do do design cartoons are worth more than a giggle: sex toy manufacturers take note.

On the whole, *Coming to Power* shows a thoughtful self- and world-awareness that does — and probably should — jab at the chinks in every

body's armor (Available at cost plus \$1 postage from SAMOIS, P.O. Box 11798, San Francisco, CA 94101.)

Subtitled "On Masochism and Female Sexuality," *A Taste for Pain* by Maria Marcus, (St. Martin's Press, 1981, 260 pp; \$11.95) is translated from the Danish with little regard for thematic organization. It begins as an autobiography, a child's fantasies of punishment and guilt, goes on as an intellec-



tual exercise in defining masochism (a welter of quotations from every psychiatric school and much of literature) and finishes in a ringing call to solidarity within the women's movement. The textbookish obsessions for quotation and subjective commentary very nearly obscure the creative/constructive points of *A Taste for Pain* some of which raise questions about society's present preoccupation with S/M, whether women are true masochists or just passive victims (in discussing whether DeSade's Justine was a masochist Marcus concludes that she was not. She was "just stupid"), and produces some interesting and possibly accurate answers to whether a woman or a man actually authored *The Story of O*. The eroticism, too, gets lost along the way, either by exhaustive analysis and justification or by the distance of

second hand reportage, but it is there... sufficient as a qualified and quality overview to the general reader of yet another variable, masochism, in women's increasingly visible sexuality.

Up front, down below and back behind, the various predilections of over 30 writers for bondage, discipline — yea

P. Kimmel

MOVIE SOURCES

Two current controversial films are being tied-in to paperback releases. In one case, the book is a novelization of the screenplay (*Making Love*) while in the other the title of the film has been added to a reissue of the book on which it (*Missing*) is based.

Making Love, novelized by Leonore Fleischer (Ballantine Books, 1982, \$2.50) from the screenplay by Barry Sandler follows the film very closely. A good deal of descriptive emotions appear in the book which has to be surmised from the performances in the film, and details about the personal habits of the three main characters that might have been missed by the eyes and ears are clear on the printed page. Unless one were devoted to seeing *Making Love* over and over again to ferret out the complex and telling dialogue, using Leonore Fleischer's book as a text makes sense. And, given the nature of film exhibition (at least films of this nature), you might consider reading the book before seeing the film, or before you get a chance to see the film.

Missing, the paperback re-issue of *The Execution of Charles Horman* by Thomas Hauser, is a different bag of words. This time the original book has been retitled to match the current and very controversial film (Avon Books, 1982, \$2.95) so controversial that the State Department has issued a three page denial of the allegations contained in Hauser's book and the film version by Costa-Gavras. *Missing* is the true story of an American who was executed by the military elite after the CIA-inspired coup in Chile in 1973. While Costa-Gavras does not name the country involved in *Missing*, Thomas Hauser does — and names one incredible name after another in unraveling this astounding and hideous tale. Here the book is required reading after you've seen the film — and probably should have already been read in the two years since it was first published. The fortunate things about the reissue is that the film will raise public interest to a new all time high and the non-fiction, spine-chilling book on which it is based will again be available. Highly recommended.

C. Musgrave

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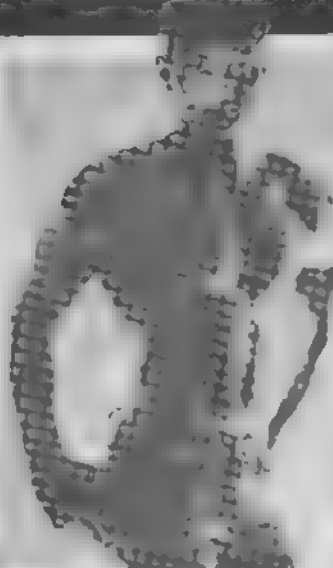
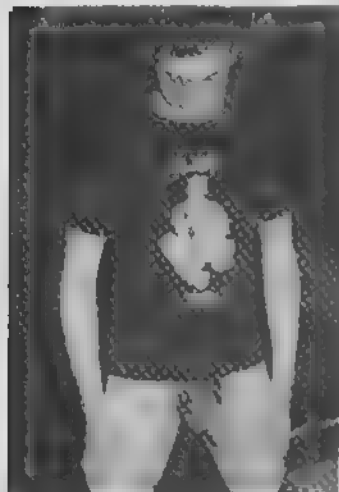
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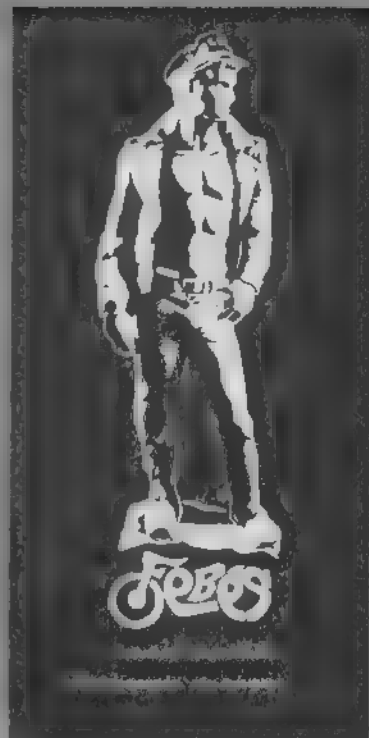
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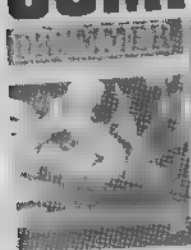
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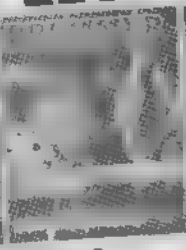
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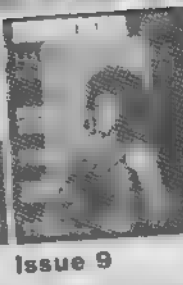
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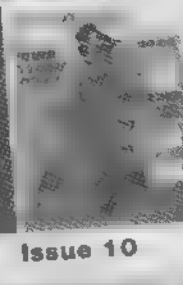
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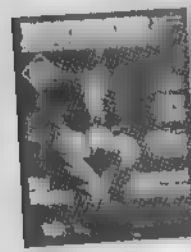
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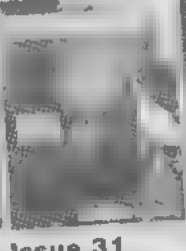
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MAKING LOVE A POLITICAL STATEMENT

By this point, the film *Making Love* has become less important than the political ramifications of its subject, the performances less important than the criticisms those performances have received, and the relevance of a film by the Hollywood establishment about homosexuality less important than the handling of that subject by those involved with the film's production. By this point, in its still brief history, *Making Love* has become less a film than a socio-political event.

It is reported in Hollywood that the new head of Twentieth Century Fox hates this film (fortunately it preceeded him); which rather clearly implies that there will be no more projects like it to come out of that particular studio during his reign. And this personal disapproval comes at the same time that a majority of the gay press is urging the gay public to support *Making Love* with the carrot that a financial turn over at the box office means more film projects in a similar vein. If personal prejudice can run counter to financial reality, then the prospect of Twentieth Century Fox making another positive gay film is a qualified perhaps.

One San Francisco gay newspaper had no less than three separate pieces about *Making Love* in the same issue. One as a front page news story, another as an editorialized news story cum review, and a review in the entertainment pages. A gay newspaper in North Carolina also ran three varied pieces in a single issue, devoting the front cover to a publicity still from the film. Many gay publications across the country carried at least two reviews of *Making Love* (usually one positive and one not so positive). Because of its historic importance after all, isn't this just the sort of film gays have been pleading with Hollywood to make? — the film has been treated as a newsworthy event. So while opinions on the film's artistic merits have varied, nearly everyone has expressed his or her opinion.

How *Making Love* has affected the gay population can be typified through its experiences in San Francisco — where it was expected, naturally, to have a large potential audience. The publicist for Twentieth Century Fox went into overdrive getting the film viewed, with some sense of perspective by the critics. Each of the numerous press screenings (and I really believe that *Making Love* was screened for the media more than any film in recent memory) was prefaced with her personal feeling; she asked for an open mind about the film and its subject; an honest evaluation. She was convinced,



The doctor's office: A sterile setting for the first overture. Bert talks about his health and Zack begins to deal with his own psycho-sexual drives.

as were the majority of the people connected with the production, that the message of *Making Love* was both valid and necessary. That's the kind of effort that surfaces from a film publicist perhaps once every five or ten years when the particular film involved ceases to be just part of the job and becomes almost a cause. It probably backfired, going out on a limb like this; the film received mixed reviews in the mainstream non-gay press, the publicist had, with her passion, cast her vote. (One of the most influential of the non-gay San Francisco critics saw the film and refused to review it — giving the task to a coworker instead. The assumption is that to like the film is an endorsement of the validity of homosexuality; silence is tacit condemnation.) Regardless of the position in which her personal feelings placed her — Can she be this confident in the future and retain her credibility with the critics? — the publicist was borne out,

in its first four days *Making Love* grossed over \$3 million dollars, fully one-fifth its total costs, including promotion. As much, it turns out, as Twentieth's biggest Christmas picture, *Taps*, which had opened on more screens in more cities than had *Making Love*.

Besides the feelings of the press — the opening of *Making Love* was met with a request by the local theatre workers union that gays boycott the film to show their solidarity with the grievances of the theatre janitors, who were out on strike. The film was set to play four screens in the San Francisco side of the Bay Area, only two were being struck — but one of which was the only in-town theatre where the film was to play. Gays were requested to view the film, by the union, at the non-struck suburban theatres. It wasn't as easy as it sounded. Criticism was leveled at the union that gays were being singled out to help bear the brunt of the strike — a



The lovers never meet, but this publicity photo imagines that if they had, all would be well among the professional class.

similar appeal for a coalition protest wasn't evident with other films that had opened during the strike. Many gays, some having waited nearly a lifetime for an event like *Making Love* represented, crossed picket lines, placed themselves in the position of redefining their sensibilities, feeling 'damned if you do, etc.'

The gay press was courted prior to the release of *Making Love* with the same intensity once used to ignore them. Times have changed, indeed, many films with a special appeal to gay audiences have been promoted and advertised in the gay press — a sterling example perhaps Paramount's *Nijinski*. What looked like overkill, the promotion and advertising of *Making Love*, was, in fact, logical — the studio knew that although the film was geared to universal sentiments, the gay population would provide the foundation for the film's success.

But the great hue and cry in much of the gay press that if this film was not supported wholeheartedly by gays, there might not be any more in the future is false. The fate of any particular genre of films depends on much more than financial success; even given that profit is the bottom line of the majority of mainstream film projects. If it were the only basis for decision making, then all films would look like *Lou Grant* and *Laverne and Shirley*. Even the studios that practice a rule of

only making films with the sidest possible audience appeal know that the replication of television, the most passive of art forms, does not translate to the \$5 a ticket patron. To think that if *Making Love* was the top grossing box office film of the year, a steady stream of similar films would follow, is sheer nonsense. Or to assume that even one more film with the validation of homosexuality would result is equally naive. Any number of less-than-idealistic film projects are floating around 'in the works', from *Dress Gray* (where a homosexual is killed and parts of *Crowned Heads* (where a famous homosexual actor is killed by two hustlers to *Bent* (where homosexuals are killed) and *Fire From Heaven* (where, although a homosexual is killed, he is also the greatest military leader in history). Seventeen more variations on *Making Love* would prove boring, financially, socially, and artistically. Witness the *Airport* movies, the low-grade Kung Fu movies, and the 'young woman with bare breasts gets knifed' movies.

The fate of gays in mainstream cinema is not totally linked to the box office potential. The impact of gays on filmmaking is a much more measurable commodity. Witness the fate of *Windows*, an anti-lesbian film that followed release hard on the heels of *Cruising*. The strong reaction to *Cruising* was echoed in the first minutes of release of

Windows — the latter was canned. Major markets, like San Francisco, which rate among the top five, where the film was already scheduled to open, were cancelled. The fate of *Windows* was secondary sales to prisons and military installations — not a money-making source of revenue. That the film was released even there is deplorable, but the seriousness given to the gay outrage over *Cruising* and *Windows* cannot be ignored. The moral may be that a class of people have more influence of what is not made than over what is made.

But the attention paid to *Making Love* carries its own significance. As much space, in the gay press, was given to *Making Love* as was to *Cruising*, where the space was 99% negative. To gain that much attention from any special class over a single film is the exception, not the rule. The gay press has, with *Making Love* and *Cruising* established its ability to use its resources. While the number of times such an event might come to pass are few, the actuality is established.

The fate of gays in mainstream cinema may not even rest with *Making Love*. It is, first, doubtful that a single film can make that much difference. The popularity of *Taxi Zum Klo*, which has been equally praised outside the gay press, has not resulted in even a single Hollywood film start that matches the premise or explicitness of the German film (just as *Caligula* did not start a cycle of historic porn films, as was predicted). But how gays and gay subject matter are integrated into mainstream films will result from the total effect of a number of films, because the trend in audience acceptance can only be extracted from a broad survey. Films like *Making Love* and *Personal Best* are the starting places for a re-evaluation of homosexuality in mainstream cinema, not the final exams.

The historic factors involved in *Making Love* and *Personal Best* cannot be denied in a time when the moral crusaders of the right wing persuasion have not yet given up the fight. Hollywood has turned that group's focus into heroic myths — the American cinema being the birthplace of contemporary myths. If you look across the board of American films, you see the same consistent position: *Reds* (the American communists of the 1920s), *Ragtime* (racial prejudice at the turn of the century); *Charlote of Fire* (anti-Semitism); *Quest For Fire* (evolution). More than anything other single factor, we may be witnessing another coming of age for establishment filmmaking. Granted, it might look on the surface to be a bit behind the more progressive ideology of the times — but consider that film, as a whole, is the reflection of the society that spawns it. Perhaps the historic significance of *Making Love* is that the mainstream itself has changed.

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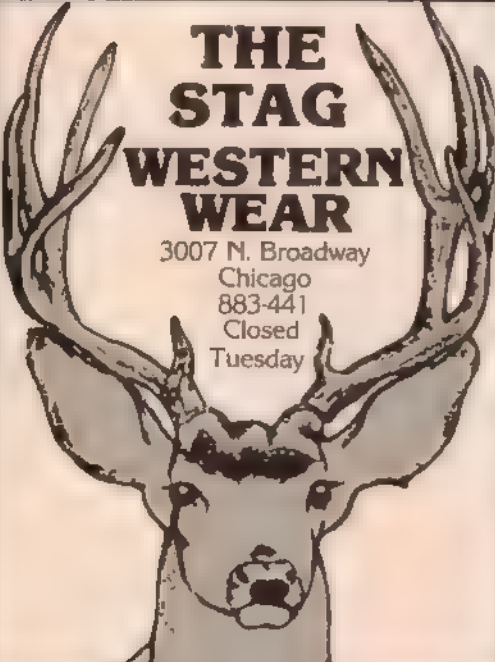
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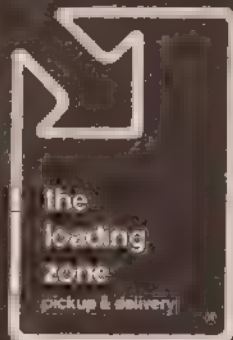
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AT PASSAGE

THE COLLECTOR 1982

A 27-year-old man who was allegedly locked in a converted fuel tank for 46 days by his high-school buddy, had his clothes taken away and survived on hamburgers that were dropped in to him, authorities say.

Stephen Mazur, who claimed his friend owed him \$20,000, was lured into the underground tank on his friend's family farm and held there for a month and a half until a neighbor saw him chained and handcuffed to the back of a truck and called police, state police said.

Police said Richard Markley, 27, had apparently wanted to give Mazur some fresh air and had let him out of the 10,000 gallon tank which had been converted to a bomb shelter.

Markley somehow "tricked" Mazur into descending a ladder 10 feet into the shelter, said state trooper Thomas M. Bowman. Markley then pulled up the ladder and locked the hatch, Bowman said.

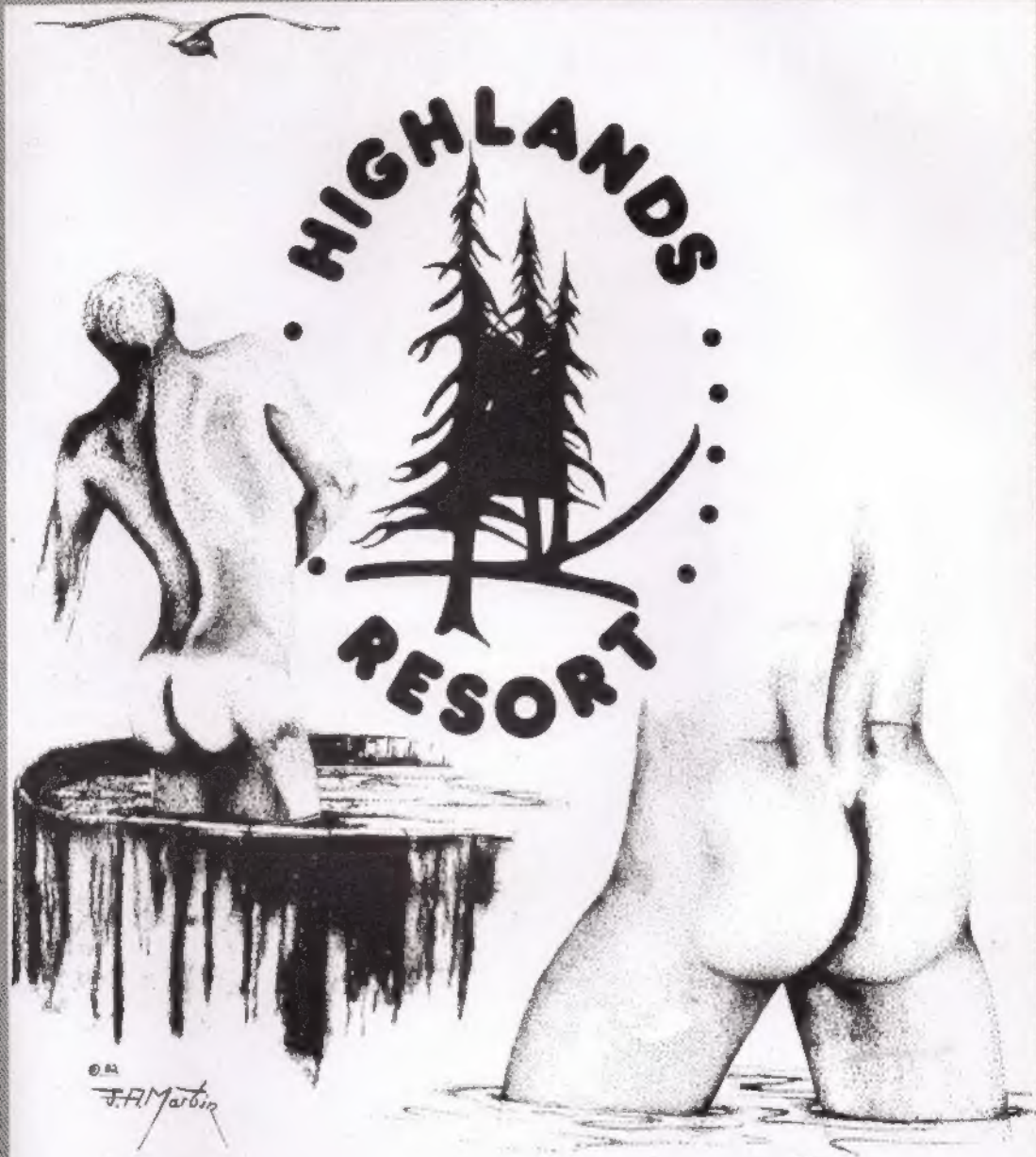
Police said Mazur and Markley had been friends since high school, but would not say if Mazur had been reported missing.

The complaint filed by state police said that during the first six days of captivity, Mazur received no food. Mazur also told police Markley took away his clothes, leaving him nothing but his underwear and stole a car belonging to Mazur's girlfriend, officials said.

Police said Markley later dropped hamburgers and other food to Mazur through the lid at the top of the tank. Markley also provided Mazur with a sleeping bag, a parka and an electric space heater to keep warm, police said. Mazur appeared to have lost about 20 pounds in captivity but did not appear seriously injured. He was treated at a local hospital Monday night and released.

Markley's mother told the Philadelphia Daily News, "A tragedy has happened here between two friends, both very, very good friends."

Mrs. Markley described her son as a "born-again Christian."



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